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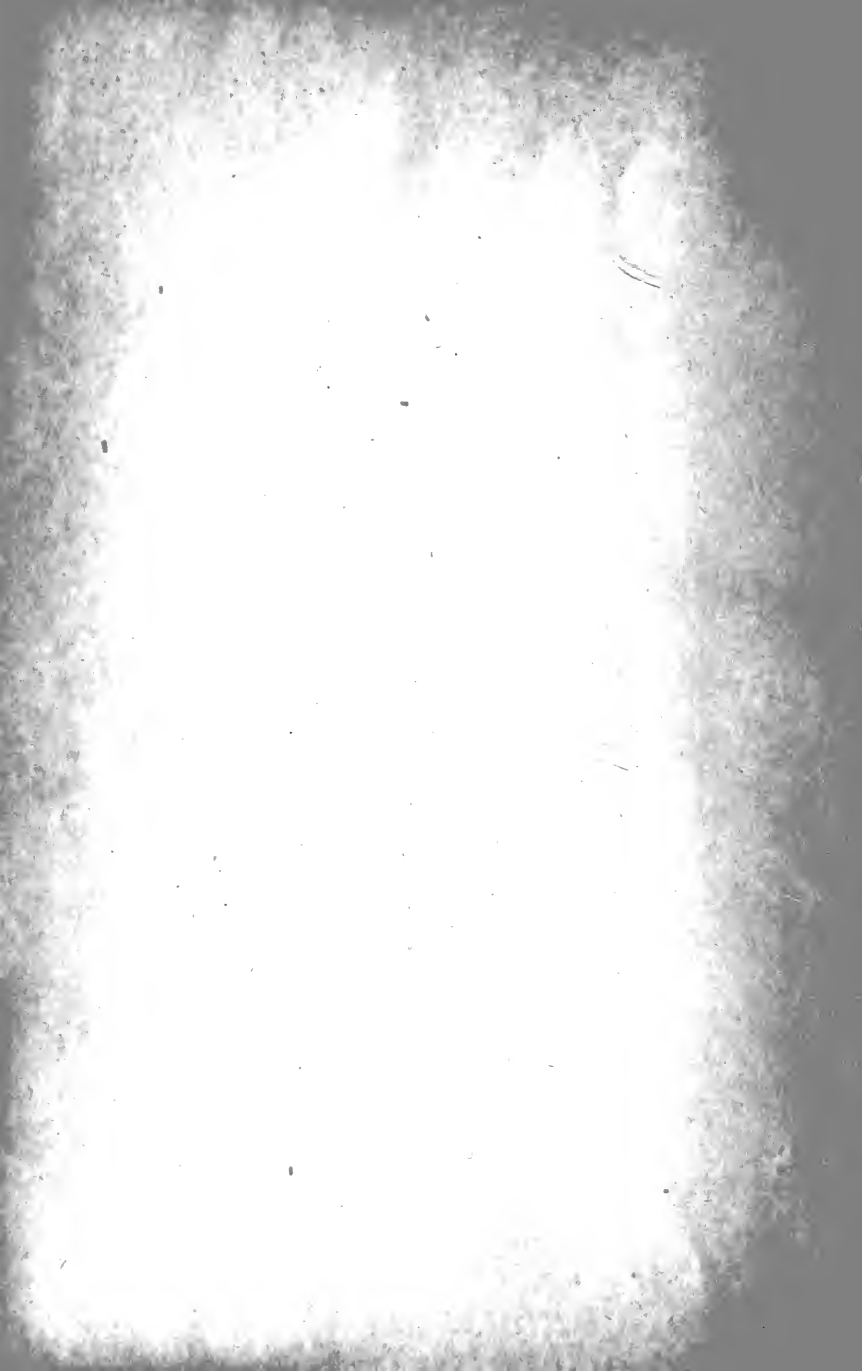
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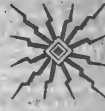


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Day-Dreams.

BY

Ardennes Jones - Foster.





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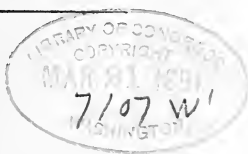
128, Broadway, New York.

DAY-DREAMS.

(Revised, Second Edition).

BY ARDENNES JONES-FOSTER, ✓

*Author of "Broken Barriers;" "The Heart of
a Jew;" etc.*



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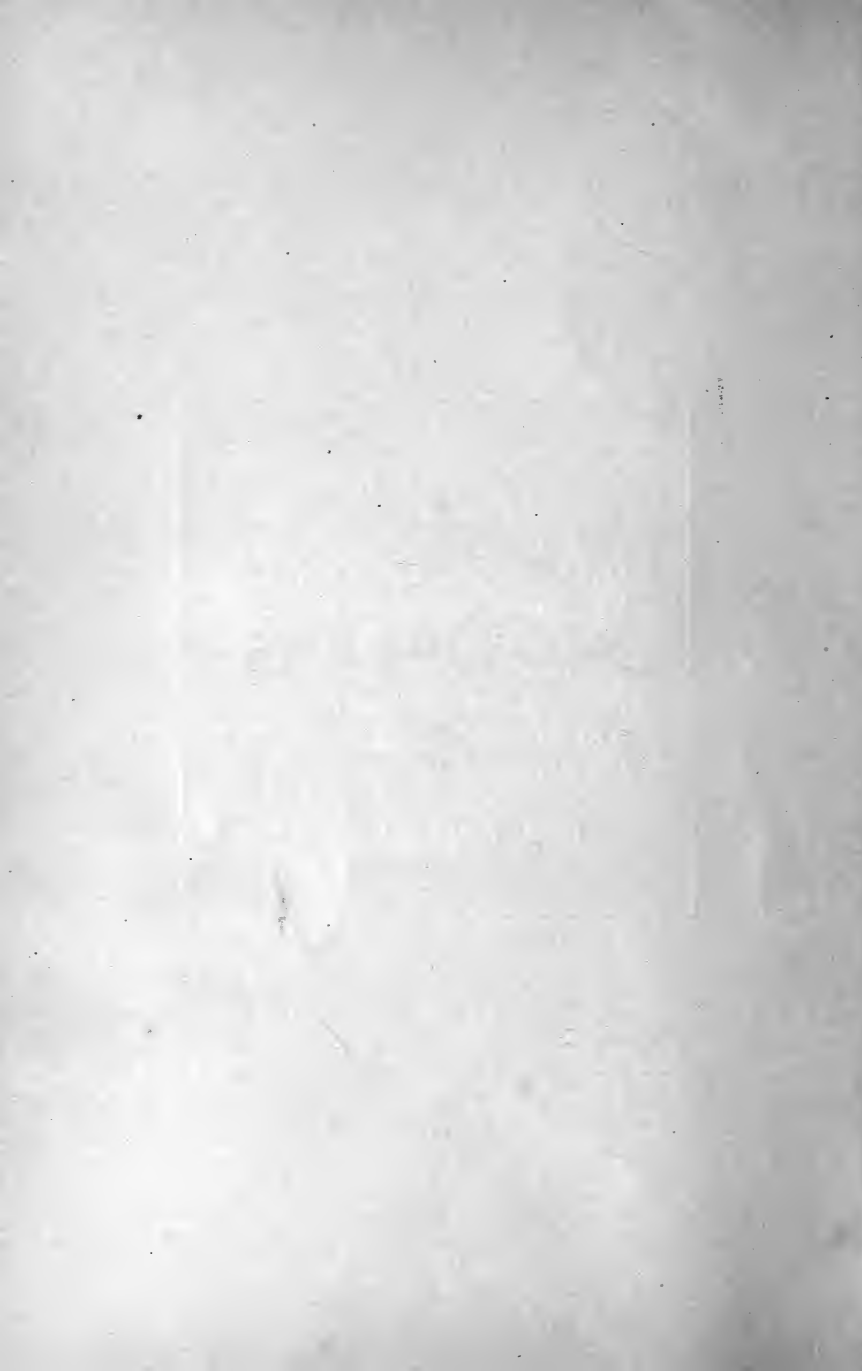
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ADDRESS.

When came these Reveries, which to me have
been a Labour of Love, and born in hours that I
have passed in fondest Day-Dreams, it occurred to
me to sincerely inscribe them to one of the most
generous of noble women; she who added words of
encouragement, and honoured me with her patronage
at the time that I most deeply desired it: The
friend of all earnest disciples of the arts,

MRS. FRANK LESLIE.





DAY-DREAMS.



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Woman.

I regard a true woman as the best, the grandest, of all of God's human creatures; a being of light; immaculate in her chastity; paragon in her purity; and capable of ennobling the man of her liking. Whilst I pity the wife who is too selfish to aid in promoting the bent of her husband's ambition, I the more sincerely grieve for the man for having fallen into her wake. A woman's bad temper is as fatal to the heart's happiness as the clashing winds that blow up from the hot-beds of hell. The man has no alternative but to breathe the poison that lingers about the plague-spots of his blighted home.

A woman's gentle spirit is an all-pervading virtue, whose influence softens the spell, and fills our life-niche with its calm soul-fragrance. Her love-smile intensifies our joys, and leads us to forget the bickerings, the sins, the hard, angular elbowing of the vulgar crowd, the rush, the jealous, avaricious competition of a calloused world, and opens our eyes to the brighter, the better side of earth's paradise. For woman is our angel of redemp-

tion from an otherwise sorely barren, groveling masculine state. Such tribute do I pay to the memory of my mother. Why not, then, to all other high-minded women?



To-morrow.

Who stand upon the brink of witching time,
Are nearest to to-morrow they will reach.
To-morrow keeps her skirts from 'neath the
scythe.

Thou sanguine soul, cease plunging! Lull thy
hope,

For never canst thou stand abreast with her.
To-morrow, with her tempting golden Dawn,
Still beckons us to dangle in her trail,
But never halts, nor gives to us the race,
But faster runs and taunts us with her laughs,
And turns her saucy face, and quips and chaffs
At sight of us who double for the prize.

To-morrow is a vain, alluring flirt!

At midnight we a hand upon her lay,
When Presto! like the skimming wind she flits
Far off and to the next, and leaves us here,
Like ninnies gasping for our slipping breath,
And staring in the face of bold to-day!

A Woman's Word of Honour.

CHAPTER I.

I will not say that I had scattered my wild oats. In fact, I never had lived at what the world chooses to call a fast pace, although I had seen thirty years of life and for the past ten years had been constantly on the move.

It was not necessary that I should give myself to any vocation, as my estate near London, left to me by my father, let me into something like twenty thousand a year. Snivins, my man of business made it his duty to see that I got it; an undertaking for which I paid him, and paid him well.

The theme of this tale embraces a most vital affair of the heart. For I hold that no matter how a person may chance to find himself lodged in the great battle of life, there is something wrong in the composition of the man, whose heart has never been touched with a pure passion of love for a woman. I would distrust his frozen nature, as I would the man who makes his boast that he has never rubbed against a sentiment in life that brought his heart to tears.

I had traveled almost every mile of the earth, and seen everybody and everything worth seeing by the time that I was thirty. Upon that particular natal day, I found myself in Berne, Switzerland. No sooner had I arrived, than a letter was handed me. It came from my man of business, asking me to return to London at once, as Hodgson, my next-door neighbour had died and there remained some property matter to settle which needed my personal attention.

It will be well to explain that Hodgson's daughter, Louise and I had been betrothed in infancy; a neat little bit of forethought and diplomacy upon the part of our parents (now all deceased), whose desire ran in the direction of perpetuating good blood, by uniting two of the oldest families in Kent. I am candid with the assertion that I had never felt any vehement interest in Miss Louise. Neither did my infatuation for her increase as we swept on through childhood's merry days, then past the time-posts of youth, into the longings and ambitions of budding womanhood and manliness. To be sure, I held the girl in the highest respect and all of that sort of thing. And as I opened my eyes to future and greater possibilities in life, I felt contented when quite out of her presence. I fancied, too,

that her regard for me ran in about the same groove and equally as deep. Then came my series of tours and perambulations, with now and then a flying visit to the old homestead, where I always met Louise, quite as lukewarm as ever. She had traveled a bit, too, and, like myself, had seen many new faces. I was just in the act of replacing my agent's letter in its envelope, when, without the least ceremony, in fact, with the most unbecoming and brutal persistency, a Swiss *gendarme* burst open my door and stared me bluntly in the face; and as I arose to confront him, he called out:

"You are Leopold Renard, of Geneva. I arrest you for the murder of a Swiss officer in the Canton of Berne, last night!"

I stood petrified like a rock.

My blood grew hot and rushed through my veins.

"I am not Leopold Renard!" I protested. "I am Robert Toman, native and citizen of England. You dare not detain me!" and I bade him quit my apartment.

His Swiss temper resented that which he considered the deepest sort of an insult, and the resistance of a public officer. He upbraided me for refusing to submit. Words brought on something worse, and finally, he raised his weapon (I was un-

armed) and dealt me a blow that shattered my hand.

Thus crippled and done for, the *gendarme* grinned at me, opened the door and called in two more of his kidney, and between them they dragged me off to prison.

It is needless to say that by the aid of the British Consul, I quickly established my identity and in short order was allowed to depart, to the crusty disappointment of my over-obliging guest.

The weather continued hot. Fever set in, and thirteen days passed before I began to realize where I was. The fever had forced its way over me at the beginning, filling my wandering mind with the heavy hallucination of thirteen great, thick planks, which seemed to be bearing down upon my weak body, boarding me over from my neck to my toes. As the sun set each day, I fancied that one of the planks disappeared, and, beginning at my feet, they went away, until, upon the sunset hour of the thirteenth day, the last plank slipped into limitless space. I raised my arms from the covers and opened my eyes, to find gazing into them one of the most strikingly beautiful creatures that I have ever met. She had nursed me through those thirteen days of danger; and upon inquiry, she was not slow in telling me that I was at her father's inn, where the

gendarme had first insisted upon getting satisfaction.

This girl was not above one-and-twenty. Her eyes and hair were as black as night; her complexion was the richest olive; her teeth were white and beautiful. Her oval, regular features told me that she was of gentle birth. I had seen millions of women, but never before, had the light of one's eyes shot into my soul as did the fire of hers. She was of French-Swiss blood and spoke the English tongue with a broken accent that was most charming and fascinating.



CHAPTER II.

A new world opened up to me the moment that Mademoiselle Amèlie Lucerne's bright eyes fastened their animated love-light upon mine. Daily, she gathered fresh, sweet flowers and placed them upon the little table before me. She read to me from the poets and the romances that she had learned to love. And in the soft twilight, with her zither tuned to sweet melody, she would sing, soft and low, the Canton songs that she had loved in childhood days; songs so sweet and tender, that their cadence comes back to me anew

and sends my tears gushing through the mist of memory. And although I could not hear the notes of the song-birds, or wander out over the green, Canton sward, I half contentedly reasoned that I would be willing to forego all of the rivers of outward joy that run through the hearts of men and be satisfied with my fever-baked pillow, if but for the privilege of having the sun-light of that soul which seemingly had become a part of my own, and whose life appeared to be the other harmonious half of mine.

Constant attendance upon me and a ready fulfilment of my every wish, had brought Amèlie and me into close daily, almost hourly conference. She was the very soul of attention. And as she spoke and her soft, black eyes rode upon mine, I could read there more than an ordinary wish to tend upon a sick man.

One evening, just as the serving-maid brought in the candles, Amèlie followed.

"The doctor gave me stout encouragement in your case to-night, Mr. Toman," she remarked, as the serving-maid left us. "He told me that a week, at least, would fetch you about, so that you might sit out of doors and look at the mountains. But you must not hope to climb to their tops—not yet a while, at least," she added, gaily.

I thanked her, as I had done a thousand times before for her own and her mother's endless deeds of kindness, and expressed my delight at the good prospects before me.

"I feel strong enough to gossip a bit to-night," I ventured. "Would you mind, if we were to talk about yourself?"

"That will depend upon how personal you choose to become," was her teasing answer.

"Very good. You know enough of me and my past history, to feel certain that I will not abuse a privilege. You may be confidential."

The colour mounted to her cheeks.

"How much so?" she requested.

"I will ask you to tell me if amongst all of the tourists and people whom you have met here, you have never seen that person for whom you felt more than a passing regard?"

"But that is personal, Mr. Toman!"

"True. All of the tender and better emotions of our hearts are but personal. May I insist?"

She read my motive.

"But you are already betrothed!"

"Yet 'there is many a slip,' you know."

"After one has given one's word of honour?"

"Yes. Promises are often made out of regard for others than the parties directly concerned. Mine was made to gratify the family pride of my father and mother. At the same time, the fulfilment of that vow would be the means of making my whole life wretched!"

"I will answer your question, then," was her decision. "I have met my fate;" and she looked at me as if her eyes would drive their light through my soul. Was the dream of my past days of illness to be realized? She must have translated my thoughts and not wishing to buoy me with false anticipations, she spoke. Her words drove me mad. "I have told you that I have met my fate. Rather say that I have given my promise. As in your case, it may make my life wretched; yet I have promised and I cannot annul my word."

"You, too are bound!" I cried.

"Yes, I met my betrothed here. He came, as you did, from England. He is now upon the Continent. He will be in Berne to-morrow."

Her words stifled me.

"Then it is not a case of heart?"

"He was the first man who ever spoke a kind word to me. We were together much during his last tour. That was a twelvemonth back." I could see

the tears climbing to her eyes. Her voice broke. She buried her head in the pillow beside my own and sobbed like a child ! "Robert!" was all that she could utter.

Suddenly re-collecting herself, she arose, drew away from me, crossed to the window and wept as if her heart would break. Gradually I begged her to become seated again.

"If I were to tell you that I, too, have read your heart. If I were to tell you that you seemed a part of myself from the moment that I first awoke and found your eyes looking into mine. If I were to tell you that I love you"—

"It would be as though you had not spoken," she interrupted. "I hardly need tell you that my heart, too, is human. And it is because I feel certain that you will not betray a confidence, that I tell you that yours is the only soul to which mine has gone out to in quick and passionate response. Yet back of it all, beneath it all, above it all, rests my word of honour to another man. Whatever may be the results that follow, I shall live by my pledge!"

She stopped. I begged her to go on.

"No! We must not think of it! It is wicked. I should be wronging an honourable man who truly, sincerely loves me. We must not return to this subject,

Mr. Toman. After your recovery, we must never see each other again!"

I pitied her in her sorrow. Her heart was doing battle. I respected her resolution. But I loved her as man never loved woman. And though I may have erred in my wish to bend her from her vow, my mind was set. I felt that a fatal mistake lay in my promise with Louise.



CHAPTER III.

The following day brought Amélie's betrothed to Berne.

My surprise was the greater, when I found in him an old acquaintance—John Burlingame, M.D. and a member of my club, at home.

Conscience began to fight against the resolution of my heart. I worked myself into a state of prostration. The fever that had so obligingly taken itself off, gave me a sharp turn by paying me another visit. A relapse set in. I became alarmed lest my illness might cause long disablement and knowing that Miss Hodgson was in London, I wired her to come to Berne. Three days brought her to my side. And although she understood my precarious condition, her heart seemed not

readily to respond, which led me to believe that her former slight regard for me had vanished altogether.

"I met young Holland at Lady Rockman's dinner party in London," Louise informed me, after we had chatted a bit. "You remember Tom, don't you?"

Now I did remember Tom, quite well. I had known him all my life. He and I were school-fellows together and although he had been abroad since he graduated and I had not seen him for three or four years, his family and mine were neighbours, formerly. Good people they were, too and I was rather charmed than otherwise to learn that Tom was evidently seeing the upper-crust of life and enjoying it, and I so expressed myself to Louise.

"How is Tom getting on?" I asked.

"He seems to be prospering. His father left him some money, you know. But I fancy that he makes a lot besides. In fact he told me that he had netted 4,000 pounds in the past three months."

"Doing what?"

"Managing some financial scheme, I believe. You know that Tom was quite a flame of mine, when we were at home?"

"Serious?"

"Oh, bless you, yes! We were the best of friends. He proposed to me once,

but I told him that my hand was already promised."

I noticed that she left out all reference to the heart, in reminding Tom of her betrothal, but made no comment.

* * *

"Do you love Dr. Burlingame?" Louise asked Amèlie, after they had grown familiar enough one with the other, to mutually confide, as the majority of girls do in such cases.

"I respect him, I reverence him," was the decided answer.

"And you would wed the man upon the bare fact of a promise!"

"My pledge is my bond!" came the sharp reply.

"I, too, gave my word, when I was a mere girl," continued Louise. "But I have made up my mind that I shall not live by it."

"Why not?"

"Because I have found a person whom I like better."

"And for that reason you would break your promise!"

"Better that, than break my heart over a rash betrothal," was the resolute rejoinder. "That is the whole trouble with girls in this age. They are too abid-

ing, by half. They depend too much upon letting others tie their hands for them, whilst their hearts flutter free and subject to every new infatuation that springs up. Nobody shall make my match for me. No. Far better follow one's heart, than be traded off for a high-sounding name or a purse of gold. Parents do that sort of thing now-a-days, you know. It may succeed in France, where the girls, poor creatures, are never allowed to say that their souls are their own. But it is a blessed thing that I was not born in that country. Mr. Toman and I have been betrothed since childhood,—but that has not hindered my heart from running off in another direction and finding its true affinity."

"But if your *fiancé* were to look at it in quite another light?"

"Then I would say 'bother my *fiancé*!' I do not propose to allow my heart to be trammelled by any person. It is its own free agent and must act at will. You have heard me mention Mr. Holland's name? We have loved each other passionately for five years. Why, then, should I permit a bald, cold promise to stand in my way as a stumbling-block to my future happiness? No! I came here at the request of Mr. Toman, because he was very ill and we are old friends. I came upon

a mission of duty, feeling that if anything should happen, at least one of the friends of his family ought to be near. He has almost recovered, now. I shall return at once to London, with the same love that I now bear for the choice of my heart—Tom Holland.”

* * *

“How do you like Miss Hodgson?” I asked Miss Lucerne, after their confab had ended.

“Socially, I regard her as a most charming young person. But I do wish that she might be more constant—for your sake. You deserve the love of a truly loyal woman; one who in these fast days of promising and forgetting, would prove herself an anomaly: I mean a wife sincerely, purely, devotedly in love with her husband. Because, there are so many marriages that are mere conveniences. And love does make such a wide difference in one’s married life, you know.”

“You are contradicting your own recent argument.”

“No, I am simply telling you what should be. I am not at war with my promise. That is in another man’s keeping and I shall fulfill it.”

"Has Miss Hodgson spoken about our affairs?"

"I offer no explanation. Besides, that would be betraying a confidence. But I leave you to draw your own inference."



CHAPTER IV.

The next morning's post brought the London newspapers. Louise picked up one and began to pore over its columns. Something drew my attention to her. Her face had taken on a deathly pallor. Her hand trembled.

"Louise! Are you ill?"

"Merely shocked," she said. "Read this" and she handed me the newspaper, pointing with her finger to a paragraph. I read it:

"Diamonds and jewels to the value of £3,000 have most mysteriously disappeared from the house of Lady Rockman, in Kensington Gardens. Her Ladyship left the house the day before yesterday, to pay a brief visit to the home of Mrs. Coverley, in St. John's Wood. The same day that she departed, a messenger called at her house with a letter addressed to Mrs. Luton, the house-keeper. The letter read:

‘I have made up my mind to stop at Mrs. Coverley’s house longer than I had originally intended, as she is to give a dinner-party to-morrow night. I shall therefore ask you, my dear Mrs. Luton, to kindly hand my diamonds to the bearer, who is Mrs. Coverley’s man and he will fetch them to me. Be sure that you give him the box containing the tiara.’”

“The house-keeper delivered the jewels, as requested. Upon the following morning (yesterday) Lady Rockman returned home and was shown the letter. Of course she at once pronounced it a forgery. Scotland Yard has been notified, but no trace of the clever swindler or jewels has been found.”

“What does it all mean?” I asked Louise, who had revealed further signs of distress.

“The tiara is mine—the present that you gave me Christmas, three years ago!” she managed to say. “I feared to carry my jewels and so entrusted them to Lady Rockman’s keeping. This for my pains!”

I could do little to console the girl—a difficult task under like circumstances. She at once prepared to go back to London.

Fully recovered, I was able to accompany her to the railway station; so together we went, Miss Lucerne, Dr. Burlingame and I, to see her off.

Adieus were said and the train sped out, carrying with it a heart that I felt morally certain did not beat for me. And I was doubly convinced, when, at the end of the sixth day, I received a letter from Miss Hodgson, in which she told me that she would no longer hold me to my engagement with her, adding that she had promised to become Tom Holland's wife. I revealed the truth to Miss Lucerne, still, wondering if the state of affairs could be strange to her.

"The secret is out," she replied "and by Miss Hodgson's pleasure. There is no harm, therefore, in telling you that she confided the news to me and told me the name of her *fiancé*."



CHAPTER V.

The gist of my agent's letter again occurring to me, I hurried home earlier than I might have done under ordinary circumstances and within five days I reached London, after a few hours' sojourn in Paris.

The leaves were just beginning to blush. Old Man Winter had sent his first courier over the brow of Autumn, whitening her lashes. As we were listening to the first sound of Winter's footfall, society was

preparing to leave the Autumn tints behind and come up to town to make ready for the season's whirl. A number of new buds were announced to appear. Knowing ones, amongst them the good dames who devoted a share of their hours to marking out the facial lines of Time, said that the sets were to have an uncommonly brilliant season. A multiplied number of weddings were coming off, they said, and as I was going about a good bit and seeing friends, I found myself in the thick of gossip. A number of persons had asked if my match with Miss Hodgson was going to hang fire forever. Other good moralists argued that all respectable members of society should be married and I realized that the clever and only thing for me to do was to make a clean breast of it, which I did, by relating how my *fiancé* had thrown me over.

London society had learned the news officially. The marriage was announced to take place within a fortnight, at the country house of Miss Hodgson's uncle, with whom she had made her home since the death of her parents. With the noising about of her coming marriage, also came the news that two very prominent persons in society had met with heavy losses through a series of forged cheques. The names that they bore, were so like

the genuine signatures, that the very victims halted for a time and tried to call to mind if they might not have written them during a spell of hypnotism.

The Holland-Hodgson marriage came off with great pomp and the happy couple ran over to Paris on their bridal tour, returning within a fortnight.

Then came another morsel for society. The cards were out for Dr. Burlingame's marriage with Miss Lucerne. It was to take place at the little church near the doctor's country-house, not far from London, for the reason that his professional duties would not allow him to make another journey to Switzerland. He had at first intended to do that, but a most complicated case now claimed his attention, and prevented his absence from England. He had at once advised Miss Lucerne of the situation and wished to know if she would consent to a postponement of the marriage, or come to England and have the ceremony performed here. She advised him that she would come with her mother to London.



CHAPTER VI.

Mr. and Mrs. Holland had taken up their home temporarily, in one of the houses in Elm Park Road. No sooner had

Miss Lucerne and her mother arrived, than they were invited to pay the bride a visit.

"You are still resolved, Miss Lucerne!" exclaimed Mrs. Holland. "What a will you have, to be sure! I sincerely trust that you may never find cause to regret your decision."

"Why should I?" Miss Lucerne asked.

"Well, you are not marrying for love, that is one sure thing," came the half-apologetic answer.

"By what right do you question the loyalty of my heart?" was the sharp reproof.

"I am not disputing your loyalty, my dear Miss Lucerne. I am speaking of your sincere affection. True, you may grow into it," she continued, aggravatingly. "For example, I have a friend who married under circumstances very much like your own. She confessed to me that she did not care a jot for her husband at the beginning. But now—after a year of married life—she loves him to adoration. I do not pretend to argue that other cases of the same sort may not be cited. I dare say that her's had its precedent and no doubt will have its successor. But you will admit that such instances are few. The promise ought not to cheat the heart

of its natural inclinations. You remember our conversation in Switzerland?"

"I do remember your words, Mrs. Holland,—with regret. And I shall be obliged to kindly ask you not to repeat them," was the respectful, but firm rejoinder. "I am not a child. I know my duty, completely—to myself and to others. I am not unmindful of my obligations, and realize that I am not the only person in this world who has made a sacrifice. Mine will make another happy and by so doing, I shall at least have proven myself loyal. Besides, what is our duty here, if not to study the joy of our fellow-beings? No. I am but following the dictates of my conscience," she concluded.

"My daughter has rightly decided," added Mrs. Lucerne. "I honour her for it. It shows that her word is worthy of its author. Loyalty leads to love. It will in Amèlie's marriage with Dr. Burlingame. I should a thousand times rather see her as she is, than fickle—a fault too common in this day, with many girls, who permit their hearts to turn a somersault every time they happen to meet a new face or a new bank account that exceeds the last one. Many a man of greater wealth than Dr. Burlingame has sued for Amèlie's favour. Mr. Toman was one of the num-

ber. But she has put them all aside out of respect for her promise."

* * *

A most eccentric person was John Burlingame, M.D. I never had been able to quite make him out as long as I had known him and I don't believe anybody else had. He was a wonderfully prosperous physician, about thirty, well read, capable of diagnosing the most complicated cases; and in spite of his youth, I have known many eminent practitioners to esteem it a high favour to be brought into consultation with him over the knotty case of a patient.

Burlingame was an inveterate club man; a persistent first-nighter; and a noted man about town. Withal he was an insatiable slave to the habit of betting. Not a gambler, do I mean, in the common sense of the word, for I never knew him to frequent gambling halls; but he was for ever and ever again laying wagers. True, I had seen very little of him since my return home. In fact, I had rather avoided meeting the man who, in my estimation had robbed me of the sun of my life; she from whose presence I had torn myself and resolutely stopped away, that

she might fulfil a woman's word of honour.

With a lot of other jolly fellows, I was attending a dinner at the club upon the night previous to Burlingame's wedding. He had arranged it, he said, to give a bit of a farewell touch to his bachelor days, before throwing off the joys of celibacy to take upon himself the duties of what we all wished might be his happy married life.

Tom Holland was amongst the number of invited guests. For Tom was asked everywhere now, and his friends made quite a lion of him since his really fortunate marriage with Miss Hodgson, as they all termed it. Besides, there was no person who did not enjoy Tom's company, for he was intelligent, well posted and a jolly good soul we all considered him. He was quite a traveller, too, and that made him rather an interesting companion for an hour's chat over a glass. As for me, I felt that Tom had really done me an excessively good favour by taking Miss Hodgson off my hands; an act of friendship which I sincerely appreciated, and told him so.

During the height of hilarity that the wit of the club had caused whilst the dinner was on, John Burlingame hastily arose, rapped loudly for order, secured

silence and launched this most extraordinary challenge:

"I wager a thousand pounds and the wine for the club, that the moment the minister concludes the marriage ceremony to-morrow morning, I shall drop dead!"

Thereupon, he resumed his seat at the head of the table, whilst members and guests blankly stared at him and then at one another. The challenge appealed to us as being so utterly ghastly, that no person ventured to open the shell of silence, with the exception of Tom Holland:

"I will take that wager, even money!" he said.

The stakes were deposited with a member of the club.

* * *

Despite the lateness of the hour, the news spread like wildfire. Reports of Burlingame's reckless wager were hurled from mouth to mouth, from club to club and about town.

Upon the following morning, the parish church was crowded from chancel-rail to gallery. Fashion, friends, upper-tendom, strangers and curiosity-seekers were out in force. The church was piled with flowers. The choir sang with new vigour. At last

the contracting parties appeared before the altar.

How angelic the bride looked ! I had taken my position in the furthest dark corner of the church where I could see, yet not be seen. I had carefully refrained from meeting Miss Lucerne since her arrival in England, fearing that my old love might get beyond proper bounds and manifest itself in impetuous speech. Besides, I held the girl in such high regard, owing to her loyalty to her promise, that I felt that I might sin against her, if, at the last moment I were to thrust myself and the pangs of my heart upon her. Therefore I had stopped away altogether.

The organ's mellow, dreamy notes died away—in mocking echo, it seemed to me. Every spoken word cut into my heart like a knife. The solemnization of the marriage had proceeded to the minister's crowning sentence :

“I pronounce you man and wife !”

John Burlingame dropped dead at the feet of his bride !

She swooned and they had to carry her out of the church.



CHAPTER VII.

It was a matter of days before the bride of this distressing episode recovered. The shock proved a frightful load for her to bear. The obsequies over the remains of John Burlingame, M.D., went on without her.

As for the members of the club, they were completely stunned. The incident harrowed up a profound sensation; not the least regretful feature in this connection being the fact that Tom Holland had the assurance to apply for the payment of the stakes. Not one of us had so much as surmised that Holland had not answered his host that night in pure jest. Equally, we all supposed that he would immediately withdraw his own deposit and then and there let the matter drop; and we felt doubly sure of it, after the terrible realization of what seemed to be no less than the ghastly fulfilment of what must have been Burlingame's premonition regarding his own early fate.

At the same time two or three other reports set people by the ears. Half a dozen instances came to light in which forged cheques had been uttered. This time the victims were all prominent club men. Detectives were set to work upon the cases reported. Word was received

from Scotland Yard, that a clue had been found to Lady Rockman's diamonds, about £100 worth of the jewels and also the tiara having been recovered.

One night, a stranger presented himself at the house of the Holland's, with a note of introduction bearing the signature of one Oliver Benton, a French officer, with whom Tom had been on friendly terms whilst in Paris. The note contained the request that Holland should extend the courtesy of host to the bearer, Vinton Senoj, Esq., who was a life-long friend of Benton's. Senoj explained that he desired to be shown about the city with the view to future possible investment of capital in the interest of a French syndicate. Holland and Senoj dined out that evening, and at a late hour, Tom was brought home in such a bewildering state of intoxication, that he had to be lifted out of the cab and carried, bodily, into the house.

Early the next morning, an officer arrived at the house and placed Holland under arrest.

The incident raised a cloud of surprise. Conjecture ran chaotic. Tom was brought into court and his case postponed until the following day to give him time to find counsel. Everybody fell to talking about the case. Society above stairs and in Bohemia knew Tom so well, that

his name was common property. As a consequence, when he presented himself a second time for a hearing, the court-room was thronged, amongst the number being his old acquaintances. By the side of the prisoner sat his young wife, completely bent beneath her burden of sorrow, whilst directly back of him sat Vinton Senoj.

The charges against Holland embraced the utterance of forged cheques in London; the forgery of the Lady Rockman letter; and the theft of the jewels.

The enormity of these accusations so completely bewildered Tom's counsel, that he asked for additional time to prepare his client's defense. The court granted a week and committed Holland without bail. The news swelled the sensation. The case at once developed into a *casus celebre*. The sad occurrence so affected the young wife that she took to her bed.

The bereaved Mrs. Burlingame still remained in London, and at once made it her duty to call upon Mrs. Holland, for whom she did all in her power, being in constant attendance at her bedside. I met her there twice, each time accidentally, and an embarrassing accident it was at first, too. But like Mrs. Burlingame, I felt that it was my duty to lend Mrs. Holland all of the consolation possible.

The day for the trial arrived. A mass

of damaging testimony was presented, including the now famous letter to Lady Rockman and the forged cheques. Vinton Senoj made a sworn statement that during his first visit to Holland, upon the night that he had brought him home so badly under the influence of drink, that the prisoner had confessed his crime. Additional evidence was presented. Experts were sworn, who had examined the cheques and letters by comparing these with specimens of Holland's writing and declared that the same hand had uttered the forgeries. The web was slowly, but perceptibly chaining Holland in its meshes. At the same time, his seemed to be the coolest head in all that fetid, crowded court-room. In spite of the officers, there arose a constant buzz of excitement. A dozen times the spectators had to be rapped to order, with the threat that quiet must reign, or the scene would be cleared and the doors locked. The prosecutor having exhausted his witnesses, announced that he rested the case. The prisoner was permitted to testify upon his own behalf. As predicted, he made a sweeping denial of all of the charges. His wife's deposition was read (she was too ill to attend) pleading her utter ignorance of her husband's complicity in any crime and adding that until the

present, she had believed him incapable of any immoral act. This closed the testimony for the defense. The case was summed up. Counsel upon both sides made ringing speeches. The judge charged the jury. Its members returned the verdict without leaving their seats:

“Guilty upon every count.”

Holland, appearing not a jot crestfallen, was remanded for sentence.

Three days passed, during which time Mrs. Holland was kept unacquainted with the result of the trial.

At eight o'clock, upon the evening of this day, a rumour startled the town with the news that Holland had been set at liberty two hours before. The report seemed incredible. However, the guard at the prison confirmed the report. The authorities exhibited evidence proving that by a bond, duly executed, Holland had been admitted to bail. Immediate investigation showed the bond to be a forgery.

The public talked about it, marveled at it, dined over it. The signature was as clever a piece of work as one might wish to find.

Holland's counsel caught his share of the blame. It was proven that he had secured the blank. He was placed under

arrest, tried and sentenced for aiding in the escape of a prisoner.

* * *

The newspapers of the following morning contained the account of a frightful railway holocaust in Northern England. The details were harrowing. The train, whilst running at a pace of fifty-five miles an hour, jumped the track and plunged headlong into an ugly ravine. The railway carriages were torn into splinters. The havoc grew hot with the spread of outbursting flames. The moans of the crushed and dying filled the wreck with eerie, aggravated horror. Men, women and children lay wriggling, pinned to the ground by great, cruel, ragged wedges torn from the timbers, their shrieks and cries piercing the ears of other victims bound to the ground by massive loads of crushing débris—appalling funeral pyres, beneath whose bulk the human sacrifice lay slowly burning to death. Night, that commiserate Goddess spread her black wings over the awful spectacle. The list of the wounded and dead was flashed over the wires. The search brought to light the scarred remains of the person whose deeds had created the recent sensation of the Metropolis—Tom Holland.

CHAPTER VIII.

Poor Louise!

Of course we were obliged to break the terrible news to her, sooner or later.

Her only reply came from the recess of her bleeding heart:

“My broken promise! Robert! Forgive me! Forget me!”

The warm rills of April month began to unlock the jaws of winter. Since learning the fatal news, Louise had never left her room. The breath of the opening roses came in through her window where the eglantine rambled over the casement. The budding of springtime brought the blushes to her cheeks. But they were those hectic advance heralds, that only make the after-pallor seem the more decided.

So when the violets and the grasses came, we planted new, green sods over the silent mound, and bade the broken-hearted sleep on, whilst the willow-tree swayed and fanned the little narrow place of rest.

Do hearts break?

Ask if they love! Ask if the pure soul spurs its possessor on to better and higher things in life. Ask if the mind fills us with the desire to reach ambition's highest rung! Ask then, if the being who is made sick with sorrow, does not

brood over it, dream over it, wake from fitful sleep at the touch of it! With this train of pondering, come the ills that follow in the wake of black despair.

The tortured heart breaks beneath its load.

* * *

Flowers by the wayside are never wasted. Their sweet narcotics refresh the heart of some lone passer-by. The balm of the forest pines sweetens nature's breath.

The old love that had flitted through the sick-room of the little Swiss inn had not been forfeited. Like the fragrance of the spring-time blossoms, it had been carried along upon the wings of the time-current.

True love never forgets.

The bells rang joyfully, sweet and low upon that June morning of calm, as we all wended our way to the little church that stood upon the hem of the lawn near the old homestead. A blithesome marriage party filled the country-house. The strains of the wedding march joined the voice of the soft south-winds as they sang through the tree-tops, where the giant oak's green leaves lulled the melody.

The sealing of the vows was consum-

mated, as Amèlie stood by my side and in turn we repeated :

“Thereto I plight thee my troth !”

THE END.



A Maiden's Vision.

All humanity loves a lover,—from the King in high and regal splendour, down to the decrepit old mendicant who hobbles into her dismal garret, burdened and doubled beneath her bundle of faggots for the gloomy grate. The living, throbbing pulse, the very life-glow, the spiritual essence, the essential soul of all the world, hinges upon that one divinely-human factor, love. Ever hovering by the side of life's material surroundings is that silent, hidden, seductive Something, possessed of a power sufficiently pungent to infuse the bosom with an inspiring drop of heart's-ease; an alluring, heaven-born balm, ever ready to lull into a spell of delicious languor, the romantic imagination of the dreamy maiden. Her supine meditation suggests the possibility that she may have caught a glimpse of Cupid in his flight.

The maid loves.

The Double Cross.

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CHAPTER I.

Cesca is my name—Cesca Melin. I was born at Westeras, Sweden, not far from Stockholm, in 186—. My father, Grefve Carl Melin, was an officer of high rank in the King's army. My mother, Grefvinna Carlotta Bertha, descended from one of the oldest families about Waxholm.

Before I arrived at the importance of sixteen years, my parents died.

Olef Olsen, the only son of a barrister, was *fiancé* to me. He begged me to stop longer at Westeras; but I had come into possession of the 100,000 kronor left to me by my father in his will; and being possessed of a desire to see the world and all that there is in it, I uttered a cry of delight, when, upon the morning of the 3d of June, 188—, I received a letter from America, postmarked New York, jointly written by my great-grand-uncle Ivan Trolsky and his wife Vera, who had gone from Cronstädt, Russia, to the States two years previous.

I had frequently been a visitor at their house at Cronstädt, my uncle and

aunt both being natives of Stockholm. And being readers of the Swedish newspapers, Ivan and Vera had come upon the announcement of my succession to my father's fortune—a fact which seemed to highly impress them, for they congratulated me upon it, at the same time extending a pressing invitation to pay them an early visit, underscoring the assurance that I would be most affectionately welcomed.

Of course I read this letter to Olef, who, now that my parents were gone, found no other person sufficiently interested in me to interpose caste objections to our suit of wooing.

From the very outset, Olef seriously opposed my uncle and aunt's invitation. But in spite of his protests, early in August I departed from Scandinavia by one of the Thingvalla line of steamships, arriving in New York upon the 28th day of the month, when I was most profusely welcomed by Ivan and Vera.

Upon the following morning, whilst the breakfast was progressing, a messenger was admitted, bearing a dispatch, addressed to my aunt. Nervously she received it, raggedly tearing it open, as one unused to the receipt of messages.

"Who is it from?" Ivan asked as the messenger departed.

"Sara's mother."

"From Pittsburgh?"

"Yes."

"What news?" he earnestly inquired, noticing his wife's dangerous whiteness.

"Sara is sick unto death! Poor cousin! I must go to her at once. How sad!" she exclaimed, turning to me. "And you, Cesca—I dread to leave you. But Sara is so dear to me. I love her as a sister, and duty calls me to her. But let us hope that she will brave it, that I may soon hasten home. Your Uncle Ivan will do all for you in the world while I am away."

Before nightfall we had been to the railway station and seen Aunt Vera enter safely upon her journey. As the train sped out, the tears rushed into my eyes, and I felt myself buoyed homeward upon the wave of desertion. And once alone I felt a reluctance in accepting even the kind offices of Uncle Ivan, wishing all the time, from the bottom of my crying heart that I might but cast one glance into Olef's fond eyes; my dear Olef who was all the world to me.



CHAPTER II.

A week had gone by before Ivan received a letter from Vera. In this she

told him that her cousin Sara was improving.

But fancy our mutual discomfiture when, within the next three days, another letter came to Ivan, signed by Sara's mother, Esther, saying that Vera had suddenly been taken seriously ill with the same malady that had prostrated Sara—a type of fever which the attending physician pronounced very malignant; and so reduced in strength had Vera already become that fatal results were feared.

An immediate consultation followed and it was agreed that Ivan's duty lay in a quick visit to his wife, an obligation that I insisted was his first sacred debt. He quite readily agreed with me and by the next train started for Pittsburgh.

The weary hours dragged on. By the second morning's post I received a brief note from Uncle Ivan telling me that poor Vera was rapidly sinking; in fact, the family physician had given her up altogether. Eminent medical counsel had been called in—but their deliberation only went to confirm the opinion of the family's medical adviser.

What was my surprise and joy, however, upon the third day after Ivan's departure, when I received a letter post-marked Stockholm. I tore open the en-

velope as if expecting to disclose a gem of the rarest worth:

"You have but just set out on your voyage," Olef ran on, "as I begin to write you. No doubt this will reach the New World quite as soon as you do, for I direct it 'via England.' But do not make light of my haste, my anxiety to commune with you, I beg. When you went away, you took my heart with you. Cesca! why did we part? God grant that it may not be for long. Do not let the glamour of life's new phase lead you to forget me. Sleep in my heart. Let your faith awake with mine in the love-jeweled morning of our meeting. * * * Ever your betrothed, Olef."

I at once answered this letter, telling Olef all that had happened, and went out to post it in time to catch the first steamer.

I had no sooner returned to the house, than a messenger brought me a dispatch. I opened it and read these words:

"Vera is dead!" (Signed), "IVAN."



CHAPTER III.

A week went on with no further tid-
ing from my uncle save one letter, in
which he said that it had been decided to

lay poor Vera at rest in Esther's family plot.

Within ten days Ivan came home. He was attired out of severest respect for his departed wife, and as I tried to console him during our conversation, the tears rushed into his eyes and he cried as if his heart would break. Endeavour as I might, my words seemed to afford no soothing. Upon the following day and for a week longer he steadily refused to go to his office, declaring that life had lost all attraction for him, now that poor Vera had gone.

The season flew by. Olef's letters came and mine went, and before I realized it, May month was upon us. Nature had put on her warm, green robes. The flowers never smelled sweeter, the leaves never looked brighter—and but for the absence of the music of Olef's dear voice, the warble of the bird-notes would never have rung out in more delightful harmony.

I had already begun to look for another letter from Olef. I remarked to Ivan that it was quite time. And I also told him that upon receipt of that letter I should return to Stockholm, having informed Olef to that end.

What was my surprise when Ivan at once began to wean me from the notion of going home!

"Why, do you know," he exclaimed, "that I had fully made up my mind to ask you to write Olef to pay us a visit that he might be enabled to go back with you? I like Olef very much. He seems a capital good fellow, and I am heartily glad that you have set your minds upon each other. And now," he resumed, "let me offer you a bit of advice. Olef is getting ready to enter the profession of law, is he not?"

"He has been admitted to the bar," I replied.

"Quite to my notion, then. If I am not mistaken your dot, left to you by your father, Grefve Melin, amounted to one hundred thousand kronor—about twenty-eight thousand dollars in American money."

"Yes," was my answer.

"Could your fortune be converted into ready money?" he bluntly asked.

"It is invested in securities which can be negotiated," I returned.

"Very good. Of course you want to double your fortune. It is quite natural that you should. Olef, being a barrister, can readily accomplish the preliminaries for you. If you will write to him and instruct him to fetch over—well, say, twenty thousand dollars of that money, I, through my brokerage office, can invest.

it for you in New York Stock Exchange listed securities that will yield you 100 per cent. profit. In fact, I know of such an opportunity to-day. Do as I advise you and I will double your fortune and give Olef a permanent place as manager in my office. His legal learning will stand him in to great advantage and he will find twice the amount of profit in stocks that he will in the law."

Being a woman of inexperience, I of course, gave harbour to Ivan's advice. Twenty thousand invested would yield me an additional twenty thousand—besides giving Olef a start in life! How happy we could be upon our little fortune!

And so by the outgoing steamer I sent Olef a letter, instructing him to carry out Ivan's suggestion.

I will mention here that for a fortnight I had experienced the strangest sensations—a feeling of languor stealing over me and spells of morning dreariness. At times my limbs seemed stiff, almost dead. My back ached. I felt giddy. Twice I stumbled over the floor when an ugly power swayed my head. I looked at my skin. It was growing parched, colorless, lifeless! I could not make it out. My exercise and habits were regular. My mode of living was perfect. I took plenty of baths, fresh air and good, wholesome

food ; and yet I grew weaker day by day. I consulted the old housekeeper about it. We called in Ivan. At first he suggested the advice of a doctor, but finally concluded that the cause might lie in the tin-poisoning from certain imported fruits, —a Swedish brand, of which no other member of the family had partaken.

It happened that his surmise tallied with the cause, for I put aside the fruits, took certain remedies, including a powerful tonic, and within a few days my physical strength began to mend. My cheeks reddened like the blush of the roses and I got on without the least hint of my former failing.



CHAPTER IV.

The Thingvalla, which was expected to arrive at the end of the following month, would have given Olef time to convert my securities and reach New York.

Just eighteen days after posting my letter, I received a cablegram dated at Stockholm which told me that Olef's father had died, and that a visit to the States would be impossible. This cablegram bore Olef's signature, and as I read it my spirits fell beneath their load of

sorrow. I refused all offers of consolation and resolved to return home at once.

"I hardly think that I would be rash about it," argued Ivan. "Besides, Olef's detention can be but momentary."

I remarked that it was strange that I had not received my regular weekly letter from him. But Ivan soon turned my course of thoughts by saying that no doubt Olef's duties at home had crowded upon him so fast that he could find no time to write, and especially whilst watching by the bedside of a dying father. This argument won me over.

"Bide your time, Cesca," Ivan went on. "The next steamer may fetch good news."

I waited a week.

One morning Ivan handed me a letter postmarked Stockholm. It was in Olef's handwriting and yet it did not seem the same.

"Here is a double cross made with a pen upon the back of the envelope. I wonder what he could have intended that to mean?" I asked, showing the cross to Ivan.

He could suggest no reason why it should be there.

I tore off the envelope and read:

"Do not let your heart split upon the rock of this, my final adieu. Brevity

must be my parting message. Cease to hope. My heart is lost to you.

“You will ask why I have not kept my troth. I can but say that my father’s will, opened after his death, has reversed my life, into which now shines the beam of a new love.

“I am to marry the daughter of Lieut. Bodine to-morrow. OLEF OLSEN.”

My heart, torn with the anguish of my own sad life, I could only sob and weep over it. And then, as a woman sometimes will do, I tried to lull my sorrow to sleep by the strains of melody. As I played softly, I followed the lines of that plaintive song, “Drifting Apart,” that I had so often read in “Broken Barriers”:

Drifting apart! as the cruel shades
Of the years rise up ’twixt you and me!
Drifting apart!—two separate tides
Carry us out o’er the wide, wild sea!
Drifting apart! for another love
Has blinded you to the love I planned.
Drifting apart! for that alien love
Has frozen your heart and chilled your hand!
Drifting! Drifting and further astray!
My God! will we ever again one day
Meet in the passion of life’s hottest fray,
And love, as we did in the good old way?

For the first time since my arrival in America—nearly one year now—my Un-

cle Ivan began to show me warm attention. Imbittered, weighed down, galled by Olef's cruel letter, I let myself drift into closer communion with Ivan, and—yes, I confess it—to avenge the past I gave him to understand that his ministry was not rejected.

We walked a good bit, Ivan and I. And by this time his affection had grown to fire. It was no mere assumption, that love of Ivan's. He was deeply in earnest. I am not the woman to read a man's heart amiss. The name of his wife, Vera, had faded into a mere memory now, and I received certain proofs that Ivan would have stripped his heart of all else in the world for me.

I must say that I returned the passion measure for measure. I had come to honour, respect and love Ivan. His image grew daily brighter and holier in my heart. And as we walked together, wrapped in each other's confidence, the very soul of joy lighted our pathway.

One night and once again, as we walked beneath the heavy screen of the trees, a shadow fell in front of us—the figure of a woman it appeared to me—and as quickly it flitted away again. I remember having twice remarked it to Ivan. On the second occasion the shadow came, just as we were replighting our troth and

naming the day. I started, considerably frightened. Ivan calmed me.

"It was nothing," he remarked; "only a branch of that tall tree swinging across our pathway."

"But if it could have understood—if it could have spoken"—

"What then?" he asked, softly.

"Perhaps nothing, Ivan. But I am a creature of such silly superstitions, you know. My people—my dear Swedish people—are imbued more or less with a belief in 'eerie things,' as the Scots say. It may be a fault, but it was born in me. Even when I was a child my old nurse used to tell me strange tales of gnomes and hobgoblins that swarmed about us, and the lesson seems to have followed me. So do not chide me!"

His answer was that which he always gave when I pleaded for grace.

He kissed me.

The shadowy figure faded into space.

*

*

*

As it was Ivan's custom to confide all of his little adventures to me, he found it quite in his turn of fancies one evening to relate a little incident that had just leaped into his life. It happened fully a fortnight after my receipt of Ole's

letter. Ivan had returned home long after his usual hour.

"What kept you so late, Ivan?" I asked as he came down to dinner.

"A most peculiar circumstance, my Cesca," he answered. "On my way to my office this morning, I met face to face with a young man who evidently had just arrived from a journey. As our eyes clashed, he stopped suddenly, shocked, it seemed, by a pang—vertigo, I fancy—threw up his hand, quickly passed his fingers over his brow, clutched at his throat as if he would tear open his collar to relieve a strangling sensation, and losing consciousness, he reeled and fell. As he came to the ground I supported him, and with the aid of a passer-by, carried him into a tradesman's shop. But as he remained in a stupor, I had him conveyed to the hospital."

"But that did not keep you all day. Come, Ivan, confess now."

"Ah," he answered, "it took up three or four hours of my time, and as my office duties require a measured amount of attention each day, I was obliged to stop there until I got through with my correspondence."

I accepted his explanation.

"But the man's name?" I asked.
"Did you learn that?"

"How could I? He had not recovered his senses when I left him."

"But he must have carried papers?"

"If he did they were locked in his bag."

"How old was he?"

"Perhaps five-and-twenty."

"American?"

"A foreigner, I fancy."

"A foreigner!" I cried. My head reeled. "What if it had been—but such nonsense! It could not have been Olef! You know Olef, of course!"

"What put that thought into your little head?" he laughed. "Besides, this will dispel your presentiment," and he handed me a letter addressed to him, received that morning, postmarked Stockholm. I read it.

"Ivan Trolsky:

"SIR—As I have failed to get an answer to my letter to Mlle. Cesca Melin, I have my fears that she might not have received it. I believe that she still remains in America. If you should see her kindly say that I made no effort to arrange her business affairs, and that her securities still remain with her solicitors. My bride and I start on a tour of Norway to-morrow. Please give my best wishes to Mlle. Melin,

for whom I hope the richest of life's blessings.

"Most sincerely,

"OLEF MELIN."

And so I dried my tears and set another seal of hate upon my heart, to lock out forever the image of the one who in my girlhood days I had learned to love.



CHAPTER V.

The sun upon the morning of the third Sunday in June, gold-tinged nature's greenest garb. I have never witnessed a more perfect dawn. It was the beauty of that morning that caused Ivan to invite me to take a run over the Palisades. Ivan had been making a day of it every Sabbath for a month past, and his descriptions of the scenes had so awakened me to the anticipation of a jolly outing, that I gladly consented to go.

Ten o'clock found us high upon the cliffs overlooking the grand old Hudson.

It must have been an hour past mid-day when a cloud, a mere dot appeared like a freckle upon the face of the sun. A nervous breeze sprang up, more active than the calm, fanning wind of the morning. The cloud cast a shadow upon the

tree-tops, and for a moment its limbs formed the outlines of a double cross upon the white cloth beneath our little banquet. I started as one out of a dream and looked at Ivan. My face must have been as colorless as the spread, for he asked if I were ill.

"Look!" I exclaimed. "That double cross!"

He seemed not to understand.

"It is only a shadow," he said.

"But I have seen it before. Don't you remember—upon the back of my letter?"

He laughed outright, called me a foolish woman and told me that I must not cling to superstitions.

"A strange trait, that, with you Swedish people," he added. "They swear by signs. Upon my word, Cesca, if you go on like this, you will be telling me that you see those funny little men popping out of the rocks yonder, akin to those that your Swedish peasants declare dwell in the forest. And whilst I think about it, Rip Van Winkle's little gnomes did use to play at tenpins not far up the river—over in Sleepy Hollow, you know," he jested.

He had no sooner spoken than a huge, thick cloud flung its black mantel over the face of the sun. The wind arose,

higher, madder, faster. The waters of the Hudson rose and pranced and stood upright. A great, roaring noise of threat and chaos, deafening in its force, filled the air. The waters below dashed and foamed. Small sails were picked up, tossed and hurled shoreward.

The outing parties made for the shelter of cafés and the village near by. Confusion reigned. The sky grew dark, black. Imps of evil seemed to rise out of the very earth beneath our feet. Agents of fury and warning dangled from the sky. A brilliant flash of lightning crossed the scene, quickly followed by a crash of thunder. I clung to Ivan who was quaking with fright. The flash had told me that he was deathly pale.

"Too late to move now!" was all that he could say.

"It is hardly upon us. We might reach the nearest café. Besides, this tree is a dangerous conductor," I protested.

"The whole scene is shrouded," he whispered. "We are as safe here as anywhere!"

Another flash came! In the direction of the bushes to the West I noticed a figure stealing towards us—a woman.

"Look! She has lost her way. Come nearer to me—closer, Ivan, closer! I fear! I tremble!" I cried as he clasped me in

his arms. But the woman only quickened her pace, as we discovered by the frequent flashes of light. Faster and faster she ran toward us.

The woman was now upon us! For an instant a bright flash illuminated the spot. I looked; I saw a face.

Great God! Vera!

"Ivan!" I cried. "Do you see! A spirit! Her spectre! Vera's ghost!"

The man strove to speak. His tongue was lashed to the roof of his mouth. He moved—confronted her, the phantom-like figure, as a daredevil might face a harbinger of death!

"At last!" the woman cried.

"Vera!" screamed Ivan, and fell upon his knees before her.

"It is here that I find you!" she continued. "I have followed you many times, thinking that you were but building our plans as we agreed."

"As who agreed?" Ivan cried.

"You, Ivan Trolsky, my husband, and I, Vera, your wife!" she answered, as her hot temper fired her. "Yes, as we agreed! I have crossed your path a score of times. Under the trees I heard you plight your troth. In the lover's seat I have heard your passionate words of love. I have watched and waited patiently, believing that you schemed as we had pro-

mised. But you have gone too far. Your words are no longer empty sounds. You love that girl! Deny it not! Trust to a woman's eyes to read the perfidy of a man's heart!"

"Vera!" he protested, as I crept further into the shade to miss the flash of her temper.

"Out upon it!" she exclaimed. "The farce has gone far enough! You would have made it a tragedy! I know! The girl's failing health, your attempts to poison her! It is too true! And where is the stranger you found fainting in the street? Olef—where is he?"

"God! Olef!" I screamed, as the frightful truth darted to my brain. "The stranger, the accident, the hospital!" I bent my tortured heart to listen.

"Where is he?" she repeated. "You have told me in your letters—the forcible detention of Olef at your friend's house—now confess it! And the securities that you stole from his bag and sent to me! You would have killed the girl for her fortune, as we agreed! But your heart, even blacker than mine, turned false to your wife! You ruined the plot by your perfidy! Jealousy drives me to confess it! You love her! You would have wrought a tragedy—till your mind turned topsy-turvy, and then you planned to wed the

girl, deceiving her into the belief that I was dead! But it is my turn! We will end it here! Aye, and with a tragedy indeed! Now pay for your sins!" And with the stout arms of a maniac Vera bound him in his tracks; then, with giant force she pushed him towards the cliff. My heart stood still! The ground whirled!

At last Ivan found his speech.

"Woman! what would you do?" and he struggled with her, as one of his feet slipped over the rock. He was falling!

"Vera!" he gasped.

"No words, man! Over, I say!" And as she gathered strength to force him down he clutched a bush. "Your false, lying tongue shall deceive no more! Down I say!"

"Stop!" cried a voice, and to Ivan's aid came a strong arm, dragging him back to the green turf, where he lay exhausted and speechless.

The dense clouds hung heavier. A tremendous flood of fire swept down. A deafening crash instantly followed and a hewn bolt of thunder fell at our feet. The ragged clouds parted. The light swung over the scene.

"Olef!"

And I leaped into the arms of my boy-lover!

"Your worthless life is spared!" cried

Vera to Ivan. But he spoke not. The sun broke forth from the edge of a ragged cloud, lighting the up-turned face of the defenseless man.

We looked. Vera had been speaking to the dead!

The forked light left the seared mark of a double cross upon his brow!

"Cesca dear, can you not speak?" cried Olef.

"Yes,—that is all that I can do. You find me here, the withered bush that you have made me—a heart without a green leaf upon its twigs; a dead tree, upon which you hung your cruel letter, your message of adieu, your declaration to become the husband of another!"

"Cesca!" was all the protest that he could make.

"Cesca!" cried Vera. "It was my wickedness! I wrote my own death-letter. I went to Stockholm, and from one of Olef's letters that he sent to you, forwarded back to Sweden to me by Ivan Trolsky, I forged Olef's hand; and, that Ivan might recognize it, I marked the letter with the 'double cross,' a symbol agreed upon by us. It was I who sent the cable dispatch and the last letter to Ivan, signed 'Olef.' I released him from his bondage with Ivan's false friends. I have saved your

securities," she concluded, handing me a packet.

The sun beamed brighter. The freshened trees and grasses held up their green heads with pride as they drank from nature's cup. The daisies never looked more beautiful. I saw the fond, dead hopes of the past spring into new life. The birds sang again their sweet carols as my boy-lover's hand crept into mine and our fond lips met.

"You have not forgotten!" I cried.

"Nej, min lilla kära Cesca, I have never forgotten! Af allt mitt hjerta Jag alskar dig!"

"I, too," I repeated, translating his fond words, "'With all my heart I love you.'"

FINIS.



A Woman's Judas Kiss.

An incident of the War of the Rebellion.

The tragedy at Old Oak Plantation has long since passed into local history. Many of the blanched faces that I saw at the threshold of Minard Harder's mansion

on that balmy, but fatal October night in 1863, have gone out through the wide gate that opens to Eternity.

The Harder family numbered two persons besides old Minard, namely, his children: Alexandra, aged twenty, a proud, defiant daughter of the South, radiant with health's roses; dark, with night-black hair, fiery black eyes and a heart burdened with a temper quite as fierce as the most violent that I have ever met; and Della, a sweet, nestling, trusting lass of seventeen; one of those lithe, willowy, winsome blonde creatures, with soft, blue eyes, whose every glance threw a beam of love into the soul.

I was the overseer of the Harder plantation, on the Bayou Mason, not far from Trinity at the time, and that is how I came to have a personal knowledge of transpiring events. An old, tumble-down church on the border of the little hamlet still bears the marks where a Federal shell ripped its way through the timbers and exploded, tearing into shreds a dozen worshipping negroes.

Amongst the dwellers about the village, none were louder in their cries for revenge than Alexandra, one of the most irritating, rabid little rebel thorns for miles around, whose personal servant had

been killed by a bit of shell during the fusilade.

After nightfall, and within four-and-twenty hours from the time that the destructive missile had crashed into the church, Joe, one of Harder's servants, staggered breathlessly into the house, bearing in his arms our pretty Della, wholly unconscious and as pallid as death. Tenderly placing her upon a couch, he called for his master and Alexandra, who hurriedly ran into the room and demanded an explanation.

At that instant, Della opened her eyes, looked about the room and muttered:

"It was"—

The words died upon her lips.

"What does she mean?" cried Alexandra.

"She means dat Yankee Colonel, sah," Joe answered, looking up at Harder. He then went on to relate that his young mistress had ventured out upon the lawn, when Colonel Lane, who was in command of the Federal forces at Trinity, had surprised her, frightened her into silence, and finally—

"Treachery! Betrayal" hissed Alexandra.

"Yes, missy. I done heard her cry for help and dats what fetched me out ob

de quarters. I done run out and when de Colonel heard me comin', he made off."

Harder's face turned as white as a ghost whilst he waited for Joe's explanation. Alexandra knelt beside the prostrate girl, and murmured the name of her sister. Then rising and confronting Joe, she raised her voice like a madwoman.

"His name!" she cried. "Who is he?" as the servant cowered before her.

"I will bid him," interrupted Harder. And then to Joe: "What is the officer's name?"

"Colonel Lane, sah, ob de Tenth Volunteers, Joe replied.

"The viper!" cried Alexandra. "He is the officer who ordered his Yankee dogs to shell the church last night! My servant's death is due to his command. He murdered her, with those other poor negroes. And now he attacks my poor sister within sight of her own door!"

"Do you know him?" her father asked, sadly.

"I shall!" was her only reply. And bidding us quit the room, she devoted herself to the comfort of her sister.

Inquiry at the headquarters of the Tenth Volunteers on the following morning resulted in the information that Colonel Lane had just departed for Washington obeying a call from the War De-

partment upon important military business, but that he would return within a fortnight.

Meanwhile Minard Harder had sent Della to his brother's plantation near Monroe.

Within the prescribed time, Colonel Lane returned to his command at Trinity. Harder had at once announced this fact to Alexandra and also informed her that he should institute an investigation. But the girl took him wholly unawares, by declaring that she had made up her mind to adopt quite another course, her first step being to declare a temporary truce and invite Colonel Lane to pay them a visit. Her father protested, but to no degree of success and at length agreed to let the headstrong little rebel have her own way.

Her plans took sudden shape and not a week had gone by, before Colonel Lane found himself not alone a guest at Minard Harder's table, but a consummate victim of Alexandra's fascination. Within a fortnight, the whole parish was loud with gossip about the new love-match; and love at hazard, too, the neighbours all declared.

Meanwhile, through Alexandra's energy, a secret league of Confederates had been formed, whose object it was to under-

mine every effort that bore the semblance of a Federal scheme.

Colonel Lane's visits to the Harder family grew more frequent day by day; and by the middle of June, the whole parish awoke from its war-trance at the report of Colonel Lane and Alexandra's betrothal. This announcement, coupled with the fact that Minard Harder had given his consent, created a sensation amongst the conservative Confederates; and many an oath of vengeance was sworn at the Yankee Colonel who had dared to press his suit, quite as many equally denouncing old Harder and his daughter as traitors to the great cause.

* * *

So many times had Colonel Lane and Alexandra walked together, breathing the sweetened air beneath the old moss-covered oaks, each heart seeming to live only for the other and drawing nearer to its affinity, as the lovers whispered their vows, and longed for the angel of peace to spread her wings over the contending forces, quench the hot flame of factional hate, and proclaim the wicked battles at an end. Often did Colonel Lane relate his future hopes, his ambitions, his love, and as often did he declare that as soon as

his Government had freed him from his task of duty, he would bear Alexandra away to his quiet, Northern home, where a white-haired, praying mother daily watched and waited for the dying out of the last cruel report of guns that should settle the appalling dispute, and send her loving son safely back to the paternal roof.

"Are you confident that yours is not a bare infatuation?" he would ask her.

"Yes, Robert, confident. If mine were not love, would I risk reputation, life, everything, and face the prejudices of these Confederate haters, that I might be near you? Would not the single charge connecting your name with my sister's sad misfortune, be quite enough to fill my heart with malice toward you, if I did not worship you? Have I not jeopardized my own life in begging others to spare yours?"

"Yes, child. I am not chiding. I have too great faith in you for that. I realize the sacrifices that you have made for me. My prayer is that we may soon be privileged to realize the great measure of our true happiness. That shall be when we meet at the altar of marriage."

"Love and trust, Robert. Trust and

love!" was her answer as they strolled beneath the oaks.

* * *

Time rolled on until the beginning of October, when a grand military ball was announced to take place at the Harder mansion. Invitations were sent out to every important family in the parish; the officers of Colonel Fletcher's Confederate Staff; and also the officers of Colonel Lane's Volunteers. A temporary truce had been proclaimed and it was agreed that for one night, foe should meet foe, as friend and friend, and mingle as brothers upon a common peace footing.

A great assemblage met upon the night of the ball. It was manifestly a success as to the number of beautiful women, fine toilets, gorgeous uniforms and gold braid and epaulets. Many a brave Federal met a like gallant Confederate and gravely hinted that God's peace-angel would be a welcome visitor to North and South.

At midnight, I happened to enter the crowded rooms whilst the intoxicating waltz was at its height. Just as I passed through the door leading from the east to the west parlour, I heard a murmur of confused voices; at first low; now rising

more turbulently ; again angrily swelling, until the whole assembly seemed possessed of the spreading disquiet, and uneasily, nervously shifted about as if panic-stricken. The same idea, whatever it was, evidently had clutched the entire number of guests, instantly, simultaneously.

There were epithets like "Traitors!" "Yankees!" "Now's the time—up and let 'em have it! Now—ready!"

A whistle, shrill and sharp, sounded in the west room, where Alexandra was receiving the flattery of her guests.

A second time the whistle sounded.

The music died suddenly as if the power of the players' arms had stopped.

A third time the whistle.

In an instant, fifty Confederate officers and men bore down upon Colonel Lane and his staff, holding them in subjection. They roughly dragged Colonel Lane to the threshold of the west door, as a shot echoed upon the night-air, and sent him prostrate to the ground. At the same moment, the Federal officers were thrown into irons and hurried away.

Alexandra ran to the door, holding in her hand a lighted lamp, as she peered into the pale face of her lover. He turned his dying eyes upon hers in passionate pleading.

"Conquered!" hissed the woman.

"My sister's wrong is avenged in his ignominious death!"

"Innocent!" arose a voice.

All looked about to meet the ashen face of Della who had that moment returned to her home.

"Sister! Explain!" demanded Alexandra.

"John Temple is my betrayer. Look! The man who has slain your betrothed," she added, pointing to the murderer. "He wore a Colonel's uniform."

"Mine—stolen from me. He tried to enter our lines as a spy! And you, woman," he concluded, to Alexandra, "you have betrayed me with your Judas kiss!" And he died as she fell upon his breast.

"I have done this! I have won his love—and killed him!" she cried; and they bore her away, as Colonel Fletcher placed John Temple under arrest.



Sweet the Echo.

Those green spots in the valley of our youth! How we romped in the hay-loft, hunted the Easter-eggs, breathed the odour of the new-mown meadows, ran to the jolly autumn nuttings and drew our chairs

around the sparkling fire in the old-fashioned grate, on the long winter nights, and listened to the creepy ghost tales. These are bare recollections, now, however sweet the echo of the dear home-voices and the patter of tiny feet upon the floor.

In my musings, there comes to my mind's eye the vivid picture of a green mound, on the west slope of a simple burying-place, where the trees and grasses grow and the sheltering pines sway at the touch of the wind's soft wings and sing the song of eternal rest. What feeble tributes were all of mine, indeed, in return for a mother's love! One tender vine climbs up and hugs the marble tablet, whilst the index finger of a white hand points to the Golden Gate above.

Thou enchantress, youth! Sweeter to me is the drop of pure water from the cup that hangs in the homely well-curb, than all the high-wines that sparkle in the goblets of the world!



Midnight in London.

There it lies before you. Take a peep within. Wonderful surprises are going on, down in that night-robed town; that

moving panorama, that ever-shifting kaleidoscope, dazing, bewildering in its myriad of mystic changes. Startling romances stride over the vast scene like pawns upon a boundless chess-board. Examples of wealth and poverty, jostling side by side in the great highways. Millionaire and beggar touching elbows in the surging crowd. Money-kings in carriages, riding past hunger-haunted hovels. Women, mothers, children, dying of cold and destitution. Everywhere bustle, *pêle-mêle*, confusion; city arteries throbbing with agitation; the rush, the race, the hurry of women and men; droning of countless wires, carrying electric messages of life, death, sorrow, peace, joy, happiness, engagement, battle, loss, victory, fortune into the home, the public house, the counting-room, the offices of the great journals.

But ho! there without! Shadow of the rumbling tram-car, carrying home the belated dozing passenger; cabbie, urgently rousing his groggy fare; cautious landlord, artfully closing the shutters to cheat the excise law and accommodate the all-night toper; screech of boatman's whistle; river pirates lugging away their booty; prison deputies guarding their sleeping charge; condemned, penitent criminal, with feverish anxiety clutching

the crucifix and making peace with God, as the golden sun dawns upon his execution day; glum doctor bobbing about, post-haste in answer to his patient's call; crafty, designing solicitor drawing up the last testament of the old miser; modest maiden kneeling beside the couch of innocence, entrusting her pure soul to the keeping of her Maker; Sister of Charity speaking words of cheer to a fallen sister; a life-lamp going out in a near-by garret; child of nobility opening his eyes to the world in yonder palace; child of poverty born within the lowly manger; rake of humanity with brain tangled in the meshes of *débauche*, reeling home to his pallid, starving martyr-wife, who fondles in her trembling arms her puny babe, so like a parcel of unwelcome death; jolly company tripping to the strains of merry music; gay thespians clinking glasses and toasting public favourites in rousing bumpers; sly, treacherous burglar helping the lad through the window; courtesans of the street, plying their nefarious all-night trade and hob-nobbing with the guardians of the law; ribald revelry of the dance-house; highwaymen, foot-pads waylaying the lonely traveller; a cry in the night, a struggle, sharp crack of the robber's pistol, a shriek, murder, escape; damnable libertine decoying to her ruin,

the unsuspecting maiden; faithless, unworthy wife hurrying home from secret *rendezvous* with her betrayer; deceitful wine-laden daughter, clandestinely creeping beneath her father's roof—there to sleep, to dream, over the momentous sensation of her initial crimson sin; bold elopement of lad and lassie thwarting the stern parental protest; tell-tale moon-beam betraying the lover, as he steals the good-night kiss from his betrothed; tipsy serenaders waking the welkin with laughter and song. Clang! Clang! Clang! the fire-bells! Bing! Bing! Bing! the alarm! In an instant quiet turns to uproar—an outburst of noise, excitement, clamour—bedlam broken loose! Bing! Bing! Bing! Rattle, clash and clatter. Open fly the doors; brave men mount their boxes. Bing! Bing! Bing! They're off! The horses tear down the street, like mad. Bing! Bing! Bing! goes the gong.

“Get out of the track! The engines are coming! For God's sake snatch that child from the road!”

On, on, wildly, resolutely, madly fly the steeds. Bing! Bing! the gong. Away dash the horses on the wings of fevered fury. On whirls the machine, down streets, around corners, up this avenue and across that one, out into the very bowels of darkness, whiffing, wheezing,

shooting a million stars from the stack, paving the breath of startled night with a galaxy of stars. Over the house-tops to the north, a volcanic bulge of flame shoots out, belching with blinding effect. The sky is ablaze. A tenement-house is burning. Five hundred souls are in peril. Merciful Heaven! Spare the victims. Are the engines coming? Yes, here they are, dashing down the street. Look! the horses ride upon the wind. Eyes bulging like balls of fire; nostrils wide open. Can the animals read? To them, there is danger in every licking, curling tongue of fire. What a furnace of flame. A palpitating billow of blaze, rolling, plunging, bounding, rising, falling, swelling, heaving, and with mad passion bursting its red-hot sides asunder, reaching out its cephalopodic-like arms, encircling, squeezing, grabbing up, swallowing everything before it with the hot, greedy mouth of an appalling monster.

Bless us, how the horses dash around the corner. Animal instinct, say you? Aye, more. Brute reason.

"Up the ladders, men!"

The towering building is buried in bloated banks of savage, biting elements. The forked tongues dart out and in, dodge here and there, up and down and wind their cutting edges around every object,

boring through stoutest things of resistance, piercing the remotest corners of the hugh pile. Then comes a crash, a dull, explosive sound and a puff of smoke leaps out. At the highest point upon the roof stands a dark figure in a desperate strait, the hands making frantic gestures, the arms swinging wildly—and then the body shoots off into frightful space, plunging upon the pavement with a revolting thud. The man's arm strikes a by-stander, as he darts down. The crowd shudders, sways and utters a low murmur of pity and horror. The faint-hearted lookers-on hide their faces. One woman (*enceinte*) swoons away. A child breaks into tears.

"Poor fellow! Dead!" exclaims a labourer, as he looks upon the man's body.

"Aye, Joe and I knew him well, too. He lived next door to me, five flights back. He leaves a widowed mother and two wee bits of orphans. I helped him bury his wife a fortnight ago. Ah, Joe, but it's hard lines for the orphans."

A ghastly hour moves on, dragging its regiment of panic in its trail, and leaving crimson blotches of cruelty along the path of night.

"Are they all out, firemen?"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"No, they're not! There's a woman in the top window, holding a child in her

arms—over yonder in the right-hand corner! The ladders, there! A hundred pounds to the man who makes the rescue!”

A dozen start. One man more supple than the others and reckless in his bravery, clambours to the top rung of the ladder.

“Too short!” he cries. “Hoist another!”

Up it goes. He mounts to the window, fastens the rope, lashes mother and babe, swings them off into ugly emptiness and lets them down to be rescued by his comrades.

“Bravo! Fireman!” shouts the crowd.

A crash breaks through the uproar of crackling timbers.

“Look alive up there! Great God! The roof has fallen!”

The walls sway, rock and tumble in with a deafening roar. The spectators cease to breathe. The cold truth reveals itself. The fireman has been carried into the seething furnace. An old woman, bent with the weight of age, rushes through the fire-line, shrieking, raving and wringing her hands and opening her heart of grief.

“Poor John! He was all that I had! And brave lad he was, too! But he’s gone, now. He lost his own life in savin’ two more and now—now he’s there, away

in there!" she repeats, pointing to the cruel oven.

The engines do their work. The flames die out. An eerie gloom hangs over the ruins, like a formidable, blackened pall. The polyglot mass breaks up, disperses, dissolves. The last shriek of the engine's whistle expires in echo. The rumble of the belated, heavy cart dies away. The din of street-rabbles is hushed; the mirth of public-house gatherings comes to an end. Night reigns supreme, disturbed only by the measured leaden tread of the watchman on his beat. Then follows the deep, dread silence of night's after-birth; that lifeless, sordid hour, when the mighty city sleeps in her awful calm. Again, the spell is broken by swelling murmurs, stealing, creeping over the sluggish scene.

Night, the sable Goddess, lifts her frightful head and shakes her disheveled, raven locks. Earth's human drudges stretch their legs and yawn; the slaves of earthly toil steal forth; voices rise and multiply upon the greyish air; new life springs up. The rumble of freighted carts is heard on the way to the market; again, the coster-monger's coarse shout to his donkey; the clumsy tramp of labourers; the advent of shop-keepers; the rattle of

shutters; the straggling home of the bewildered, all-night *débauché*.

And then all hail! to the birth of the cooling, balmy breeze; the rustle of the leafy trees within the parks; the quickening of nature's pulse; the opening of the deep, blue eyes of rosy morn, and the twitter of sweet song-birds that come down to bathe at the city fountain's, and baptize the rays of the invigourating sun.



The Outcast.

A cold, bitter history has the outcast—short and dark! He hugs the cruel world, as the slimy snail hugs the stone. Like the loathsome lizard, he draws his hated length over the jagged rocks of time and dies there, with as little ceremony as nature will allow. And then, along comes the grave-digger, who flings his body into a chilly hole in Pötter's Field. Heap the coarse, cold clods upon his rough-nailed box. Set no mark above his resting-place. Plant no flower above his plebianistic mound. Even the rocks over which he crawled, shrink within themselves, as they rub against the elbows of his poverty-eaten memory.

A Morning Storm at Sea.

The water had stood wonderfully calm, all the morning. Suddenly, a mighty gust of wind struck our boat. We realized the full force of the hurricane, as its battering-rams punched our ribs. Quicker than I can write it, another broadsider struck us. Black clouds instantly blotted out the sun. The sky grew as dark as night. Coming up from the south-west, we could see a hideous mountain of storm rolling towards us, bounding at us. The dense, frowning clouds hung split by forks of blinding lightning. In a moment, the storm towered like a wall of death before us! The treacherous sea reared and bucked and pranced like a mad monster. The winds raved and tore and shook the boat as if she were a toy, heaving her high on the crest of a frantic wave. Back we sank, with a swift and sickening lunge, into the valley of the waters, and the sea that had reared, now pounced down upon our deck and broke with the thunder of a million guns. Every ventilator was forced air-tight. But the efforts appeared like driving nails into the face of Providence. Another wave, almost scaling the sky, it seemed, washed up and fell to pieces on our deck, crashing through all barriers.

Scarcely five minutes did the hurricane last, when off it dashed in a northerly direction, permitting us to speed out from beneath the crook of its elbow, as the death-dealing monster whipped the foaming sea with its dreaded tail.



The Deserted Nest.

As I walked amongst the struggling brambles and the clinging vines and looked upon the poor little hay-woven home that the mother-bird had forsaken, something about it appealed to my heart as being most touchingly sad.

The dingy wool-lining of the nest, partially disarranged, completed the soft cradle, where lay two lovely, blue-coated eggs, whose shells were slightly cracked; and peeping through them came the yellow beaks of two dead birdlings, in mute solicitation.

"Deserted!" I muttered.

And the mother? Perhaps mangled by the shot of a ruthless hunter; or stoned to death by cruel boys: It might be that she had been beaten and slain by a king-bird of the forest-retreat.

And as the winds sang their ceaseless lullaby in the tree-tops, my mind flew back to many another dismantled home, whose love-god had been attacked and routed. Of one of these firesides, I knew the pitiable history!

Two fair-haired, babbling babes huddled and sobbed in the disheveled, torn nest, whilst a broken-hearted husband and father wailed over the shattered hearth-stone. The love-star had set behind the uncompassionate night-cloud. The tempter had stolen into the domestic circle, lured the heart of the young wife and broken the love-anchor which held her to the shrine of honour, peace and home. Virtue took on the wings of blackness and flitted into the shadow of sorrow, to weep over the failure of her ministry.

But there still remains the sagging gate, the untidy pathway that winds amongst the flower-beds, the crumbling cottage with its tottering fireplace, the ashy, heartless embers and the glossy, silken webs that the ugly spiders have spun from mantle-piece to blackened crane. The gossips of the homely country-village point to the Ponson cottage, as the Deserted Nest.



Pablo de Sarasate.

Modern Paganini ! Pablo Martin Meliton de Sarasate. As if it were a charmed and breathing instrument, and sacred,—the necromancer of those soul-entrancing notes—he grasps that miraculous bow and hugs his violin, fondles it upon his breast, caresses it, like unto a gentle child he loves. And as the tender winds of summer play upon the yielding reeds and sway them till they sigh and sing in mellow cadence, so this wizard of instrumental song waves beneath the all-seductive spell of each sweet concord, rocked in the cradle of his own inspired music-soul; a conjurer of lithe, fantastic harmonies, moved by the gentle touch of the finger of magic melody. Verily, doth he woo his instrument, court it, like a lover, until the brilliant strains burst forth and scatter and fill the air with musical meteors.

I had heard all of the other great players. But when I listened to Sarasate, comparison left a bare glint of their grand eloquence. I became lost in the labyrinth of his genius. Such ardour of mastery. I felt the charm of transport. He had spoken to my soul, out of the inspiration of his own. A wordless song melted my heart and the tears rushed into my eyes.

Non-Equality.

I hear you declare that "all men are born equal!"

What rubbish, to be sure!

I deny this assertion of equality! And tell me: Do you with all of the candour of honesty, expect to awake at the sound of Gabriel's horn and find the entire complement of humanity's unwashed carbuncles, sitting upon the right and upon the left of you, robed in finest purple and linen?

Admitting that one so low as the robber upon Calvary repented, it must likewise be acknowledged that he possessed a grain of noble character that won the confidence of One as great as the Prince of God. Besides, the robber was capable of repenting.

There are persons who are born too low to rise above their surroundings. And when they happen to appear contrite, (if ever by any chance they do), their repentance carries with it a pungent odour of sin-fusty sulphur. It is their business to enlist recruits for the stuffy realms of Pluto.



Mother-of-Vinegar Natures.

Bless us ! what a shock some persons receive, at the braying of charity's trumpet. With the birth of the suggestion that they ought to do a good deed for some person other than themselves, their whole nature sours upon their stomach. There are, besides this class, myriads of persons who are born with a vinegar-coated caul. They inherit their acidulous qualities and faithfully keep them on dress parade, throughout the whole course of their lives. Sour-born parents rear sour-born children on a sour bottle and fire them out into scenes of bustle, *pêle-mêle*, strife for wealth, place, reputation, before their bow-legged bones grow hard. In this atmosphere of push and hurry, rush and worry, men read as they run. None stop to tie a shoe-string. It is a tread-mill, from birth down to the gate of Eternity. The method weans men from all notions of deliberation, consideration, repose. The mere suggestion of laughter drives them into the icy embrace of frozen terror, in the anticipation of laughter costing them a moment of time. They sour in the constant process of shaking up; and, finally, by rule, evolve into typical, walking pickles, incessantly drinking in life's puckering acids. And dying, they

go down to oblivion, wrapped in a shroud of the mother-of-vinegar.



An Actor's Scrap-Book.

If you are an actor, the terms, "public favourite" and "public patronage" will appeal in many ways to your heart. Look—the evidence of the public's past appreciation of your work, stowed away in your albums and scrap-books, amongst those time-stained casts of characters and in that parcel of old, mildewed play-bills: One of which tells of the night that you made your first bow to your public. They name, too, so many men and women, time-honoured, beloved associates. Yes, and of these, the second and third, the fifth, seventh, tenth and one or two others, have passed from death unto Life. Ah, those intrinsic records! Rosy reminders of days long gone. But what staggering rows of cruel exclamation points you read betwixt the lines: Unimpeachable witnesses of your years of struggle, months of self-sacrifice, days, weeks of hunger. What wonderful truths those clipped notices contain, what romances, too; what libels, what lies, what tell-tale marks of bare-faced favouritism.

You remember the night that you made your *début*, don't you? To be sure you do. It was the event of your life. Your friends felt certain that you would win. Others had played the rôle before and scored success.

Would you?

Did you?

Follow on a bit. The night came, that famous night. The house was crammed. Boxes and stalls were studded with lovely women, society's beautiful charges, jeweled and diamond-bedecked. First-nighters, men-about-town, club-frequenter; all of the critics were out.

Ring in!

Ring up!

You stood in the wing, waiting for your cue. "There, you have it! Take it! Go on, go on, I say! The stage waits. The audience grows impatient! Go on!" You entered and took the stage, greeted by the applause of the house. "Your line, man—speak your line! Eh? Can't remember it? What a pity!"

"So-and-so, so-and-so, so-and-so," whispered the prompter.

And still you faltered.

"What are you waiting for? Come nearer to the prompt-side. Now go on. Well, well! what's the matter now? Wing your lines, man! Stalled, eh? Egad!

It's too bad! You've ruined the scene already. The audience won't stand this sort of thing much longer, you know. Speak, I say!"

Speak? Impossible! Your lips were clamped with silence. You stood screwed to your tracks,—mute, dumb. Through the cloud of shimmering heat that curled above the footlights, you pictured a black and yawning gulf. In this dark hole, you outlined a myriad of up-turned, human faces, nothing more. A daze, a prostrating daze crept over you and you dashed your fingers across your eyes.

"Retire!" thundered the prompter. The voice startled you and you stared about upon all sides. The stage swam. You grew dizzy—but attempted to speak, muttering an inaudible mass of something, nothing anything but your lines. You reeled. The very house ebbed and rocked before you, like the unstable billows of an intoxicated ocean. The audience waited in piteous doubt. Instinct told you that and to spare your patrons and yourself from further embarrassment, you would have given the world to have sunk through the boards.

"Stage-fright," you heard a score of voices whisper in the front of the house.

Then a wave of charity rolled up from the vast crowd in waiting, spreading:

its soothing wings over the scene. You felt the balm of sympathy as it fanned your cheeks.

A multitude of voices cried "Courage!"

That word checked the paroxism of your fright. You felt the lessening of the load as it slipped from your imagination.

Presto! the burden had gone. And from the dark purgatory of self, you leapt into the light of your own free will.

This siege of stage-fright had lasted thirty seconds. To you it seemed like thirty hours.

You took your cue. Lines followed upon lines, crowding, pushing, tripping, tumbling over each other with rapid pace. The character stood before you like a boulder. Inspiration goaded you. Success chased every effort. The scene over, the climax reached, loud "bravos" greeted you.

You had scored. Curtain.

A call. Hark! A double call, by Jove!

* * *

In these modern days, when speculators, vile amateurs, shopkeepers'-clerks, society swells and "star" adventuresses (using the stage to cover their sins),—in these modern days, I say, you rake the

dying embers in your grate, light your pipe, straighten your legs, and sit musing, whilst you brush the dust and tarnish from the bright spots of the good old long ago: Days when the merits of the actor were gauged by dint of talent; not by his multitude of tailor-made suits, or the latest bit of her putrid scandal.

The curling heat rises above the foot-lights of your fancy, like a curtain, dividing your present from your romantic past. You add up your years of histrionic triumphs and stir the grate-fire again. What a round of successes you enjoyed, to be sure! Can it be such a long time ago, that you made your *début*? Aye, full half a century, my dear fellow. Hark ye! A faint vibration of applause. Louder and louder it grows, as down the corridor of time it rolls. You catch the sound of the plaudits, the "bravos," the thumping of sticks, the clapping of muffled hands. You hear the uproar. You see the audience "rise at you," as in days gone by. "Bravo! Bravo!" You listen again, and once more rake the grate-fire, to the music of the echoes of acclamation that shall cease only when you go on to play your last great rôle, at the ringing up of the curtain of Eternity, in a character Immortal,—a star amongst the stars,—and

take your cue from the All-Ruling Prompter.

Players all ! The Infinite Stage waits !

* * *

“What about his private life ?” one person whispers, as he reads these lines over my shoulder.

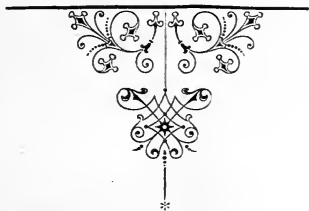
The player’s private life !

Egad !

What is that to you ? The player’s private life is his own private property (or, God’s property, rather) and he has the same right to enjoy it that any other person has, free from interruption.

Keep your inquisitiveness out of the player’s private yard, lest he may, in turn, cast a stone at your window.

Drop the curtain !



The Storm King.

Wake, winds, blow,
Over the plain and the hill.
Skip, stream, rush
Over the wheel of the mill.
Shake, winds, rage,
Whip the mute race through the locks.
Lash, stream, leap
Over the rough jutting rocks.

Rise, storm, swell
Set all the natives to wonder.
Fume, storm, roar !
Lock arms with lightning and thunder.
Earth, clouds, winds
Are willing to spur your battle.
Howl, storm, swoop !
Down through the valley you rattle !

Lunge, storm ! Charge
Over the forest and dell.
Sweep, storm, burst—
Scatter your agents of hell !
Rear, strike, slay !
March with grim death at your head !
Hold, storm ! Fade.
Let the dead bury the dead !

My Daisy.

The leaves swayed softly and bent on the boughs,
To listen, it seemed, to the time-told vows
We'd made 'neath the tree where the rivers meet.
The vines crept over, whilst under our feet,
Lay the sweet clover that morning cut down ;
Heads peeping out from the folds of her gown:
The gown of my Daisy, my rustic queen,
My girl-love—the bonniest lass I ween,
In all of that land where the brambles grow.
A beauty she was ! and I loved her so,
As she picked the stems from the clover-bed,
And twisted a garland of green and red.

A twelvemonth thence, and the marriage bells rang,
And chimed with the notes that the robin sang.
The echoes woke in the neighbouring hills,
And wedded the strains of the rippling rills.
We rambled again where the rivers meet.
The vines crept over, whilst under our feet,
Lay the sweet clover ; and close by my side,
Sat my queen, Daisy, my queen and my bride.
Her voice was like music, mellow and low.
A beauty she was ! and I loved her so,—
As she picked the stems from the clover-bed,
And twisted a garland of green and red.

A month went by, when the voice of alarm
Roused men to fury. The cry: "Men to arms !"
Rang through the nation. The torches of war
Blazed, whilst the bugle call sounded afar.
I flung off my scabbard. My bride shed tears.
I carried her kisses, carried her prayers.

To fields of hot battle her missives flew:
 "Come home!" she wrote. "Love, I'm yearning
 for you!

I miss you! In God's name, why did you go?"
 Her words burned my heart, for I loved her so,—
 And dreamed of the stems from the clover-bed
 She'd twined in our garland of green and red.

When facing the cannon, I heard her words.
 I heard the rills ripple, and songs of birds,—
 And wished the war over. * * * Peace came
 at last,

And healed up the wounds of war of the past.
 Then homeward I flew—to the clover-bed;
 My Daisy; our garland of green and red.
 I echoed her words: "I'm yearning for you!"
 And longed to embrace her, I loved her so.

* * * * *

I went to the tree where the rivers meet.
 The vines crept over, whilst under my feet,
 Lay the sweet clover, that morning cut down,—
 Piled with the daisies that dotted her mound.



Lament of the Rose-bush.

Nobody cares for me, now,
 A rose-bush, asleep by the wall.
 Nobody lives for me now;
 No, nobody—no one at all!

I blossomed and blushed for a day,
In my innocent, maiden way.
I courted bright life, as became my right,
Till the Love-winds, going astray one night,
Nested and purred in my limbs till day-light,
And plucked my lone rose-bud from me,
Then flung me a taunt for a fee—
And flitted off over the sea.

But nobody's cared for me, though,
Since the Love-winds came long ago,
And played through my limbs, and piped on the
And set the tongues of the gossiping weeds [reeds
Agog with the falsehoods of my misdeeds—
And flitted off over the sea.
My rose bloometh not unto me,
And nobody wants the bare tree.



Stanley.

No war-guns boom, with wild, saluting breath,
No drums of war roll out their rumbling cheer.
No vengeful tempers greet a war-like Sheik,
Nor even name of "Captain" bearest thou ;
Thy mission one of prime and sweetest peace.
But every human who can speak the tongue,
Sends bravos to thee, bolder than the guns
Of all the nations in report combined.
For praise of hearts speaks louder than the mouths
Of belching giant cannon on the hills !

Not priest, nor mission-man ; not royal born,
A plain, but grand example of a man ;
And though a preacher not, yet even thou
Hast more than mighty sermons taught the world,
By digging into that black Congo heart,
And letting in the cheering sun of God,
To warm the sordid souls of savage men.

God's will hath made a man of destiny—
Made thou that man, and clasped the arm of fate,
The arm of gladdest fate about thy neck,
And garbed thee with the mantle of the great !

Men plan, men fight, men cry for war, for peace ;
Men carve their names upon the highest peak
Of that strange mountain that we call renown.
Their names cleave unto every speaking tongue.
And when they sink to rest behind the cloud
Of Death, who throweth his dust into their eyes,
The public, being worshippers of men,
Fall down and kiss the tracks they once have trod.

But why are these called great ? What have they
done ?

Lo ! when we look, we read thy rising name,
As written 'tis within the palm of One
Who held thee in the hollow of His hand,
And heard thee cry : " Thy will be done, O God ! "
Years like thine are the golden links of fame,
That bind thy past with future greater deeds.
Mourn not for scudding years. Drink to their flight !



Edna.

(Particularly inscribed to Jennie O. Neill Potter.)

Where the waves touch lips, as the zephyrs blow,
We planted our rose-bush, Edna and I.
We sat by the water, and watched it grow,
And clucked to the swans, as they sailed us by.

That was in June, when the silvery lake,
Fed by the showers, and rills, and the springs,
Seemed of the sweetness of earth to partake,
And whiten the white of the swans' white wings.

We plighted our troth when our rose-bush grew,
And Edna, with life's new joy, named the day.
The Autumn-time came and the Winter-time flew.
With them the light of me flitted away!

* * * * *

The swans sail up and feed out of my hands.
The old elm weeps, and the tide comes and goes.
And Edna! Sweet Edna! Under the sands
Sleeps, where the laving tide waters our rose.



Pamina.

The widow Victor's cot near Ashford Town,
Slept on the border of a flowery dale,
Where at the peep of dawn the red cock crowed
In stately pride and grand solemnity,
And bade the slothful village souls awake.

At turn of mid-day strode the warm sun in,
And roused the dreamy hamlet in its bed :
Then glided off behind the western hill,
To kiss the boulders, and the chilly cloves.

A spacious meadow spread from barn to wood ;
A winding pathway crept down through the grass,
All sprinkled with the dots of richest dew—
King Morning's jewels, glistening in the sun.

Anon, the cattle from their stanchels loosed,
Stood lowing at the edge of forest shade,
Where twining vines and thorny bushes grew,
That fondly nursed the blushing, red wild rose.
The pursy sheep came with their tinkling bells ;
And, of a sudden breaking from the trail,
Would ramble off to south, and through a lane
That ran quite to a dawdling, vagrant brook,
Where flocks and herds alike went down to drink ;
And tended by the widow Victor's child,—
By name, Pamina, belle of Ashford Town,
With not her match for many leagues around.

* * *

With birth of Easter-tide, a guest arrived ;
A city kinsman—Mina's cousin, Tom,—
An artist who had lit the lamp of fame,
And won renown, until his choice repute
Rang through the houses of the noble-great,
Where genius finds seductive patronage,
Whilst patrons worship at the lion's shrine.

The sober Goddess Night had set her calm
Upon the lazy homes of Ashford Town.

The cousins, seated by the lamp's soft glow,
Gave hard the spur to interchange of thought :
Whilst Tom, relating tours by land and sea,
And naming countries he had journeyed o'er
From pole to pole, declared that in his jaunts,
He ne'er had spied a face as fair as hers,
And whispered that a secret he'd to tell :
Then pressed her hand ; but faint heart foiling him,
He found no tongue to further press his suit,
And like a bashful lover, quitted her.

But when next day, at dawn, she started forth
To drive her thirsty flock down to the brook,
She glanced behind—and Tom ran after her.

Come to the stream, she drove her flock knee-deep,
And sat upon the bank to watch them drink.
Tom knelt beside her, with new birth of grace ;
And whilst the nervous runnel gurgled past,
He cast his hidden secret from his breast,—
Told her his tale of love in fervid tones,
And, all enraptured, pressed her to his heart.

Her great, black, melting eyes rode out on his ;
And overcome with flushed embarrassment
That drives confusion to the girlish cheek,
And shakes her with a slight, hysteric force,
She burrowed in his breast and sobbed aloud.
And when the crimson tinge had died away,
She raised her pretty face, and dried her eyes.
Nor could she quit him, e'en how hard she tried,
But thrilled with maiden's quickest passion-throb,
She answered Tom's embrace with clinging flame,

And kissed him with her hot lips on his own !
 And then ! * * * * * *

* * *

The red thrush hid his mate beneath his wing.
 The wailing willows chanted plaintively.
 The flowers on the banks hung down their heads,
 And, blushing, gave the signal not to speak.
 The bells of conscience tolled a bitter dirge.
 A modest silence clutched the warm spring winds
 As nature bowed her head upon her breast,
 In judgment brooding o'er the tangled spell !

* * *

Upon the Christmas Eve, a twelvemonth thence,
 And in the house of one of social fame,
 The cheering city lamps blazed brilliantly,
 And shed their glare upon the merry guests,—
 All mindless of the raging storm without,—
 And thoughtless of the homeless, aching hearts
 That plodded through the streets and, shelterless,
 That envied e'en the street-lamp's sickly warmth :
 Nor spied they on the chill, frost-bitten steps,
 A feeble, wan and God-forsaken form
 There peering through the window, on the guests,
 A woman, bearing beauty's traces rare,
 But now so wasted ! And the glinting light
 That bared the cruel ravage of distress,
 Crept back, as if through sense of charity,
 And left the sad face in the gloom of night.
 Thus, as she bent to see, yet be not seen,
 She fell upon her halting, stark-bare knees,

The bleak winds playing through her nakedness :
And linking tight her cold, transparent hands,
She fixed her eyes on God and prayed aloud.

A guest came gayly out and hurried by.
A gleam of light revealed his handsome face.

"Tom ! Tom ! for God's sake pity !" cried the girl.
He turned, in abject terror at her voice.
"I have no faith in love that veers !" she cried,
"And like the fickle vane a breath doth move !
Have I been but your toy these empty years ?
Quick, man ! For God's sake, speak ! Tell me
the truth !"

Hate's cold discourtesy his sole reply,
He bade her not so much as live, or die.
And as he strove to free himself from her
Whose loathing lashed itself into a flood,
And swallowed up her girlish love of years,
She rose and fell, and died within his arms !

A vine-clad pillar marks Pamina's mound.
Her mother sleeps beside her—gone before,—
And knew no word of her frail, tattered life.
Yet others learned the truth. Show pity, they ?
Would human creatures all were human kind !
For thy condolence seek thou 'neath the sod,
Where tangled ills once born, are hid from view.
To those whose gossip rusts the silken wing,
A woman's fall from grace is heard by God !



Till Min Kära Mia.

Down my life-path came a daughter,
Child from land of Midnight Sun.
Near the verge of Baltic water,
Norse and Saxon met as one.

How we prized our happy childhood !
Oft I kissed thy silken hair,
As we scampered through the wildwood,
Hand-in-hand. All love is fair.

Years have gone, yet love reposes
In our hearts as did of old:
Thine, still sweet as June's new roses;
Thine is maiden. Mine is bold.

Go on romping through the flowers.
Dance down through the valley wild.
Live once more those rosy hours,
Kära Mia, Sweden's child !



Love at Sight.

How could we help it ?
I looked in her eyes,
And she looked in mine.
And then, as the shaggy oak stands for the vine
To creep up, and nestle, and softly entwine
Herself round his great limbs, his trunk to bedeck,
So clung she around me,

And kissed my rough brow,
And hung on my neck.
I feel her lips now.
I kissed her sweet hair,
As she raised her head.
Such eyes ! Black with fire.

"It was love at first sight !
Was it not, Love ?" she said.



My Lost Gipsy.

When last we parted, love, whither did'st go ?
I've still the lock of hair given by thee.
Art thou now hidden deep under the snow ?
No ? Where, then, buried love, hidden from me ?

Under the sea,
Where never soul
Ventures to thee ?
Not under snow ?
Not under sea ?
Where did'st thou go ?
Where can'st thou be ?
Where buried thou ?
Send me thy heart—
At least in part—
That I may know
It is thy heart,
And I will go
Straightway to thee.

If not under snow, and not under sea,
Where, then, my love-heart, where did'st thou flee?
Why thus did we part? Why came grief to me?
Who came betwixt us? Why must woe be?
Fly home, lost Gipsy! I'm waiting for thee.



Bare Infatuation.

There is bliss in sweet love-making.
There's a heaven in the word;
But in this grand undertaking,
Has the thought to you occurred,
That the longed-for answer, "Yes,"
May betoken wretchedness :
Clamp your heart as in a vise,
Wring it once and wring it twice,
Tie its tender chords in knots,
Dry its hot blood into clots,
Make it quiver, make it quake,
Make it swell with tears, and break?

In this world of mad love-making,
Has the thought occurred to you,
That two hearts may go on quaking
Till one heart is made of two?
That the love-star, Inspiration,
Lights a Paradise begun?
Whilst a bare infatuation
Is a hell without a sun!

Not Age—Not Death.

He's dead, say you? And pray you what is death?
I've lived these years, nor yet the monster know.
He must, forsooth, have been a shrunk man,
One wrinkled to a puny, withered state,
To fade and die; for great souls perish not.

And age? Fie, fie! I know me not that word.
To me all noble men are ever young,
Whose deeds perpetuate eternal youth.
What simple folly, then, when naming men,
To say, "He died," or, "This one bent his head
In weakness, 'neath the load of creeping age?"
A truce! There are no banes like age, and death.

Youth is eternal! Whilst the going out
From mundane sphere—the process misnamed
death—
Is but the fleeing to the star-gemmed realm
Of one more bright, earth-fettered, yearning soul,
To an eternal, free and scented field.
'Tis but the passing to a Higher Life.



Deluge of Conemaugh.

Jaws of the Death-devil yawned at wide gauge!
Freed from his holdings, with fury of beast
The Conemaugh leapt in torrents of rage,
Bent for the carnage-field! Hot for the feast.

Pestering, teasing and swelling the tide,
Roaring and thundering out the death-knell,
Raving and bounding from side unto side,
Crushing each building as if but a shell,
Razing the valley for vast acres wide,
Sweeping the town into chaotic hell !

No time for good-byes, or fond caresses.
No time for the lover's hot, clinging kiss.
Time to cry only, "For God's sake save us !"
Down they went—into the foaming abyss !

Strong men weeping. Faint women wailing.
Crazed women wildly dancing, singing.
— In the vortex thousands are sailing !
Hard to the straws of wet death clinging !
Hark ! The voices of victims ringing !

Up the tide tosses them like a mad bull !
See ! The river with martyrs is full !
They shriek and they clutch at the empty air,
And cry for loved ones in lost despair !

When came the deluge
Who were found ready ?
How were they living ?
What were they doing ?
Were they forgiving ?
What were they saying ?
Were any sinning ?
Were any praying ?

How many dead ? And how many passed through ?
Read the short roll of the sad, living few,

Who drag the marsh for the slumbering ranks
That the torrent drowned by his fiendish pranks,
And heaving them up by furious throes,
Left them there, bleaching, in long, ghastly rows.

The green hills that tower and kiss the blue sky,
All wept as they looked on the carnage below,
Their tears trickled into the cool, crystal rills
That feed the sweet waters of Lake Conemaugh.

Those stricken homes ! Pity them ! Fate had her
 sway.

An army of souls blotted out in a day !
Grand, growing city ! So peaceful, so proud !
God ! How she wept 'neath her watery shroud !

Dense is the pall o'er the tear-wetted dale.
Fate grew ashamed, as the living waxed pale.
Night, the swart goddess drew down the black veil !

Blanched the sore sacrifice ! Frightful the end !
Bow to the scene of the tragedy's birth.
Strewn are the sands with the thousands of dead !
Proud city ! Swept from the face of the earth !



Jefferson Davis.

(A NORTHERN TRIBUTE).

Ye men ! Behold this man ! Pay homage due
To one who fought for principles he loved !
Spread wreaths of green upon his catafalque,
And e'er ye journey to his tomb of rest,
Knell ye the bells in tenderest respect.

Let drums be clad with muffling garb, as march
In solemn phalanx to the sepulcher,
The lines of men abreast with heads bowed down,
And treading to the slow notes of the dirge,
That set the swaying pines to swinging low,
As in their limbs they catch the plaintive wail
Of those who mourn the passing of a friend,
And echo their sad pibroch through the land.

A proud, defiant tree of tropic soil,
Who bravely scored on Buena Vista's field,
And won his spurs as there became the brave.
A soldier to the soul, of courage rare,
Who fought and plunged into the battle's mouth,
And won the stars that decorated him ;
Baptised his heart with fire in the siege !

We, North, may differ with the chieftain's course,
And fight the issue till the sabre bends,
And glows and scintillates with sparks of hate.—
And whilst our causes clashed and left deep pangs.
Of sorrow in our hearts for loved ones lost,
We must forget the past. The chieftain's gone,

Whom we opposed. Factional hate is dead !
And his, a soldier's burial shall be,
With guns and *caissons* lending solemn aid,
To lull the soul into a soldier's rest.
So let the mighty chieftain sleep in peace !

A nation lifts her hat in courtesy :
The hands of wives and daughters weave the
wreaths,
And sons of North and South bedeck the tomb
Where sleeps the leader of the Southern cause,
And plant the branch of love upon his mound,
From whence shall spring forth naught but vines of
peace,
And knit the souls of brothers closer kin,
Till there's no North, no South, no East, no West,
But one vast plain of common charity,
Whose sweetest cadence wafted o'er the land,
Shall dull all hate and tune the strings of hearts
And play upon them softening songs of love.
And nature, touching thus our hearts, makes kin,
In this memoriam to the passing chief !


NEW YORK, 11 Dec., 1889.




Entre Nous.



Silver door-plates are oftentimes the lids
of misery.



Poverty stows her victims in garrets
at nightfall, that they may sleep nearer to
God.



Possibly you are well able to draw
your cheque for one, three, five, twenty
millions.

That is to-day.

You are the Cræsus.

I am the pauper.


To-morrow, you die.

You are the pauper—a consummate
beggar, imploring Mother Earth to afford
your mouldering tenement a cave in which
to hide from the ravage of time and the
jackals.


I am the Cræsus, because I still hold
the lease upon life.

Our cases have been reversed—that is
all. But you would willingly exchange
places with me to-morrow, I'll be bound.

Be proud—as proud as Lucifer ! For in the wealth of your pride, lies your ambition to attain to a loftier, a nobler, a grander personality. As you walk abreast with the surging crowd, cast a bold glance backward and ascertain if another and higher wave of pride is sweeping down upon you. If you spy one, rise to the occasion by keeping your personality to the fore. Impress every person whom you meet with the intense richness of your individuality and character.



Be not in too great a hurry to get on through life. Life is an accommodation train, and will wait for you. I do not mean that you shall cast your mantle of ambition to the sloth, but season your life with the dignity of repose. Do not rush. God will give you time to accomplish all things. So will the number of your days increase, by virtue of the laxity of your pace through life; and, as to the lengthening of your span of years, so shall be your power to complete your every task.



The law without a penalty is worse than bare advice ; it is a prize upon crime, for the reason that it merely arrests, and

permits the culprit to mock in the face of justice. It is a living lie, because it fails to keep its compact and crush out existing evils.

~~~~~

Ask not "where was the man born?"  
but "where and how did he die?"

~~~~~

Some men begin life with an interrogation point; and after death, it is used as a head-stone for their graves!

~~~~~

A beautiful tot of a child, blue-eyed, with locks like the corn-silks, placed her soft, pure hand in mine, looked childwisely into my face, and handed me a blade of grass that she had picked from the turf.

"Tan 'oo make one like 'at?" she asked.

"No, my darling, I cannot," I replied.

"Zen 'oo aint as bid as Dod, is 'oo?"

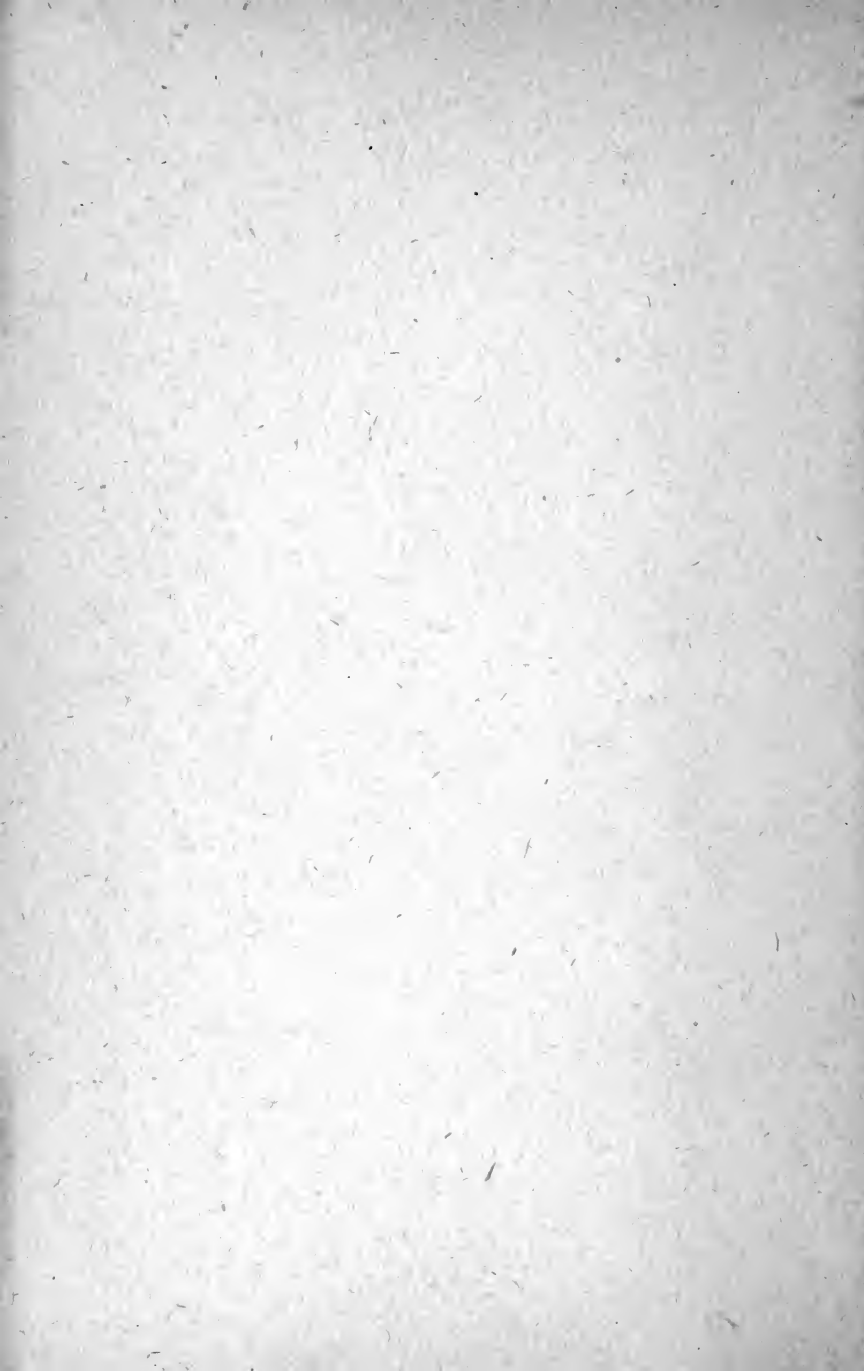
I wondered if any man bent upon blotting out all of the credit due to the Omnipotent for the existing universe, had ever met with a more convincing bit of argument as to his own utter littleness,

when compared with the Power that creates?



Mind is not life. The soul is the life from God. Thought is the child of the mind, an agent inferior to the soul; which in turn, is a live jewel in the hand of God. The soul, after passing from this earthy death to the higher life, has a mind of its own. It re-echoes that which the mind conceives. The soul sings, the mind prattles. The soul is poetry, the mind is prose. Whilst the pure mind is ideal (by that expression I mean perfect), the soul is immortal;—likewise is the soul-mind, —with God over all, and independent.















1874

PS

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